

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1879.

NO. 24

NEWS AND NOTES.

Two bad little boys of Tarentum, First borrowed some pins and bent 'em When their pa took a seat They both beat a retreat. Likewise did the fellow who lent 'em.

Thanksgiving Nov 27th.

Jacob Abbott, the author is dead.

The Indians burned Ft. Wingate last week.

A. H. Strong & Co., St. Paul, have failed.

The bottom of the Ohio river is bare in many places.

Jim Cavanaugh died at Leadville, Colorado, 1st week.

Spain has met with further and severe loss from floods.

There was eighteen inches of snow in Pennsylvania ten days ago.

Election sugar, is what they call a few thousand in the hills'.

The Misses Kountz, of Pittsburgh, will remain in Minneapolis this winter.

The supreme court declined to grant a new trial in the case of Mrs. Cauk.

Chas Donnelly died in a saloon at Deadwood last week. Too much hodge.

J. M. McIntosh, of Minneapolis, was instantly killed while hunting last week.

Five miners were killed by a fire damp explosion in Pennsylvania last week.

James Gordon Bennett has an income of \$1,500 a day from the New York Herald.

There has been a heavy fall of snow in the Black Hills on two occasions this fall.

Gen. Sheridan urges the establishment of another military post in the Ute country.

Cars are now running to Blue Earth City, Minn., on the branch from St. James.

In Deadwood county warrants worth 25 cents on the dollar a year ago are now at par.

The Red River was frozen at Winnipeg on the third in making a crossing for footmen.

The public debt was decreased during the month of October over ten million dollars.

An attempt is being made to get Grant to visit the South during the winter. He should go.

The Deadwood Times says the monthly pay roll of the Homestake Company amounts to \$50,000.

The Deadwood post office has put in four hundred lock boxes manufactured at Stamford, Connecticut.

The Daily Press is the name of a new paper to be published in Deadwood by a son of Judge Moody.

There were four state tickets in the field in Minnesota and the Republicans elect by 14,000 majority over all.

Tom Phelan murdered a government wagon master at Miles City a few days ago in a quarrel about a woman.

The North Pacific Railroad Company saved \$120,000 by purchasing their iron for the Missouri division before the rise.

England, it is said, is about taking a hand in Turkey affairs and promises to depose the Sultan because of unbroken pledges.

Gen. Joe Hooker died suddenly last week, and, low, above the clouds, he has made his last flight for admission to the courts above.

The Post Office Department has prohibited the payment of money orders, or the delivery of mail to lottery companies or to their agents.

The Utes propose to let the soldiers go if they will surrender their arms, ammunition, wagons, animals and rations and leave at once.

Sherwood, the Brainerd defaulting postmaster, was sentenced to six months in the Ramsey county jail and to pay a fine of about three hundred dollars.

The Covington, Columbus and Black Hills Railroad has been transferred to the St. Paul & Sioux City Company and is now being operated by them.

The whole world now pays tribute to the United States. Over fifty million dollars has been sent us in gold within the past three months on trade balances.

The New York Herald reports a shoal of at least one hundred whale's south of the Bermudas a few days ago. Coming, perhaps, to add to the prosperity of the United States.

The Canton Daily News reports the completion of the Sioux City road to that point. The news also says tracklaying on the Milwaukee road to the Jim river is also being pushed rapidly.

The tracklayers have reached the west side of the Jim river on the Springfield and Niobrara branch of the Milwaukee road, and are laying down the rails between the river and Scotland to day. It is doubtful the intention of the company to continue tracklaying toward the Missouri as rapidly as possible, though it is a fact that they have refused to contract for the delivery of freight west of Scotland this winter.—Yankton Herald.

Fargo Items.

Cactus, writing from Fargo, says the beavers are cutting down the pile bridges on the extension; that A. J. Wylie was killed accidentally at Valley City last week through dropping a shot gun; that brick is \$15 per m² in Fargo; that there are 70,000 bushels of wheat in the Fargo elevator; that half a million dollars worth of farm machinery was sold at Fargo this year.

Loudest in The Tribune Office.

[Erik Point Courier.]

The Lounsberry boom seems to sound the loudest in the Bismarck TRIBUNE office. The Colonel's escape at the Territorial convention a year ago seems to be evidence enough for him to base the belief that he is the coming man for Delegate. The press of Dakota should cease fooling the fellow.

COUNSEL WITH THE SIOUX

BISHOP MARTIN VISITS THEM ON FRENCHMAN'S CREEK.

Sitting Bull Not Recognized—His Power Gone—The Indians will Not Come in as Long as the Buffalo Lasts.

A RELIABLE ACCOUNT.

Bishop Martin, of Standing Rock, bishop of Dakota Territory and an earnest worker for his church, arrived on the Big Horn Wednesday, on his way home from a visit to Sitting Bull's camp in the interest of the church and with the consent of both the United States and Canadian governments. The Bishop is a friend to the Indian and is known and welcomed by them wherever he goes. He speaks their language almost as fluently as they do themselves, and is thoroughly acquainted with their habits, their feelings and their dispositions. His visit to the camp of the hostile Sioux is of interest to both governments, as perhaps no other man could so successfully fan the inclinations and the true feelings of the Sioux, as can Bishop Martin.

HIS VISIT TO THE CAMP.

The Bishop started from Bismarck on the 9th of August and arrived at Ft. Benton on the 19th of September, where he was met by Col. Macleod and accompanied by him to Ft. Walsh. The Colonel being engaged in important official business was not able to accompany the Bishop further and accordingly he was given in charge of Capt. Coulton, of the Canadian mounted police. These gentlemen with an escort of fourteen men proceeded to the camp of the so-called hostile Sioux. They were found on Frenchman's creek near its crossing of the boundary. The Bishop knows Sitting Bull well. He is a passionate, obstinate and unreasonable chief, who now has little power among the Sioux. Knowing this the Bishop cared not to see him and asked for the chief who undoubtedly now has the greatest power,

SPOTTED EAGLE.

This position was held by Crazy Horse until he died in 1877, when it fell to Spotted Eagle, a keen, intelligent and brave chief. The Bishop met Spotted Eagle on the 23d of October and requested him to assemble together the chiefs of the Sioux that he might hold a counsel with them. He was treated with the greatest respect and heartily welcomed by all the chiefs who remembered his visit to them in 1877 on this same Frenchman's Creek. The next day Spotted Eagle had congregated 200 chiefs and other influential Sioux, representing the tribes of the Uncapapas, Minneconjou, Conches, Ogallala and Sans Arcs. Sitting Bull was not invited by the Bishop personally, to be present at the council, as he knew the chief's stubbornness and he did not wish to show him any attention whatever.

SITTING BULL

had stated the day previous that he would not join the council, not that he had any contempt for the Bishop, but he knew before hand just what the Bishop wanted. The day of the council, however, Sitting Bull appeared in front of the counsel chamber (wigwam) but did not enter. He remained sedate and said little to any one, and as soon as the counsel was concluded he disappeared without having received any notice or attention from the Bishop. The chiefs in the counsel knew Bishop Martin from his visit there before and greeted him heartily, inviting him most earnestly to come again.

IN THE COUNSEL

Bishop Martin arose and stated his mission. He had come there for the good. He wanted them to be good Indians and learn the industrial pursuits of the white men. He explained to them what was being done in the direction at Standing Rock, Devil's Lake, (Ft. Totten) and other agencies and invited them to come in and become civilized. He told them that the buffalo were dying out and that they could not hunt but little north of the line as they would be in continual warfare with the Blackfeet, in which case the Canadian authorities would interfere and they would starve. Already trespasses on the Blackfeet's soil had been made and Col. Macleod had been obliged to make restitution in order to appease them. (This was the reason of Col. Macleod's inability to visit Sitting Bull's camp with Bishop Martin.) To this address of the Bishop, four chiefs arose and talked religion in their own peculiar way,

REPLYING TO THE BISHOP

as follows: "The Great Spirit made the buffalo for the red men. As long as men do right the buffalo will not fail. The Great Spirit is providing for us. Last week our arrows killed 1,000 buffalo and yesterday over 800 were killed to feed our women and children, and it looks not like starving. As long as the Great Spirit gives us all the buffalo we want we do not feel like accepting your invitation, although we believe you are a good white man and speak the truth." The Bishop then told them that since they felt in that way they could stay where they were and that he could do nothing for them until the buffalo grew more scarce, and they would be obliged to go into the agencies

or starve. by both U. S. and Canadian officers and enjoyed his trip.

AFTER THE COUNCIL.

Bishop Martin returned to Fort Walsh, Woody Mountains, where he was hospitably received by Maj. Walsh, who accompanied him to Wolf Point. At this point he was met by Maj. Anderson, U. S. Indian Agent at Poplar Creek. In the former agency he found many Yanktonais and in the latter a large number of Assinaboinies. They welcomed the Bishop with hearty shakes and other tokens of respect. They wanted him to send them missionaries and priests that they might learn the ways of the good white man. As yet there are no resident priests or missionaries at these posts. They are, however, occasionally visited by the Jesuit Father.

BISHOP MARTIN

is a man of medium stature and about forty-six years of age. He came to this country with Father Chrysostom and on the 15th of July was appointed Bishop of this Territory, and goes east soon to receive his Episcopal consecration. He has done much toward civilizing the Indian and this year on the farms cultivated by them under his direction, over 25,000 bushels of corn was raised. The farms cover an area of fifteen miles east and west and forty miles north and south. The object is to scatter the Indians that they may sustain the same relation to each other that white men do. Each Indian is given a tract of land, cows, farming implements, etc., and the progress being made at this agency towards enlightening the natives is astonishing. The Bishop will go to Rome early next spring but will return again to his good work and many friends in this vicinity.

FATHER CHRYSOSTOM

accompanying the Bishop to Standing Rock on the Benton yesterday, but he will return in time for regular services at his church Sunday.

FORT BUFDORF.

As Seen by "Rex," the Tribune's Special Observer.

FORT BUFDORF, D. T., Oct. 20.—Gen. Hazen and Capt. Penney, of the Sixth Infantry, (make a fire out of that at your peril) returned to this post by the steamer Big Horn on the 18th inst., having enjoyed a remarkably pleasant trip. The General was accompanied by Capt. Webb, an English tourist. Col. Moore and his gallant battalion came down on the same boat. The Colonel didn't enjoy any of Webb's Bend on this campaign, but it is presumed the Sixth would have rendered a good account of themselves had opportunity offered.....

Lient. A. O. O.—It is taken for granted you understand those capalistic letters—returned with his surplus supplies on the Big Horn. It is rumored that a large amount of those beans are among the stores... Lumber and material is fast arriving for the new barracks. All the troops are busily engaged hauling stone and digging foundations. Fort Buford always is neat and at almost any time may be relied on for its thorough police, but it is confidently expected that with the completion of the new buildings a marked improvement will be made..... I learn from passengers by the Macleod that one of the crew of that steamer was transferred to the Sherman sick; it is now said that this man lived only twenty minutes after this transfer, and foul play is suspected; but according to reliable testimony he was sick for several days. He had a brother American crew who did all he could for him and was well treated by every one on the boat. In walking along the deck, he had fit or something of that nature and fell striking his head violently. After this he was worse and hence his transfer to the Sherman. Mr. George Walters, who has been in charge of O'Toole & Co's trading interests in the field this season, for Beogh with Dr. Girard, U. S. A., on the 22d instant, was one of the adventurers who took passage on the Osceola up the Yellow Stone to study wind power in the summer of 1872..... A messenger arrived from the upper river on the night of the 25th with the information that Jacob Franklin, better known on the Missouri as "Dutch Jake," had been poisoned and was lying at the point of death. General Hazen promptly ordered out an ambulance and dispatched Assistant Surgeon Richards to render such assistance as he had in his power. It proved to be a case of paralysis and the sufferer was brought down and placed in the hospital here for careful treatment. Some travelers made Franklin a present of a bottle of whisky and after taking of the contents he suffered a paralytic stroke. Not being much of an estuary the poor fellow died before he had been poisoned and so dispatched word here. The contents of the bottle were not quite exhausted, and we have good authority for stating that it was not far removed from poison. Jake lived at his woodland about Twenty-two miles from the formerly owned by Alex McNeill....

In the local issue of THE TRIBUNE we noticed the announcement of D. G. Gaylord's marriage. The happy couple arrived on the Macleod and immediately took possession of their furnished villa fronting the Missouri. On the 25th inst. there was a moonlight serenade by Prof. Storer's Brass Band and Hoyt's quartette club. Every one was happy and the affair was thoroughly enjoyable. There are many who unite with your correspondent in wishing the young couple a happy and prosperous voyage over the infinite ocean upon which they have embarked. For the benefit of our many Bismarck friends I had intended to give you Gaylord's speech entire, but Gov. Hoyt, who had prepared to take notes, failed to score, and you don't know what a treat you have lost. And yet I always shall love him, an intensity of affection the proof reader who makes me say 5th or 6th. Don't you? The music, the wine, the other liquids, the singing, the solids in the refreshment line, the quartette by Devereux, Hoyt, Fielder and Stigler was immense. I wish you might have been there and so does Colonel M.

THE EXTENSION.

The North Pacific extension is graded 100 miles west of Bismarck. Contractors are at work on all of the forty miles between the Green and Little Missouri rivers; and the work from the Little Missouri to the Yellowstone is also under contract and grading has commenced on some sections. The track is laid fifty-five miles west of Bismarck and is progressing as rapidly as supplies for the work can be had, and will continue just as long as work can be done. Grading will continue all winter in some sections.

BEHOLD THE SOLID NORTH!

IGNOBLE DEMOCRACY LAID LOW IN THE DUST.

New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska Swell the Republican Pyramid.

From Wednesday's Extra.

NEW YORK SOLID.

ST. PAUL, NOV. 5.—Cornell's election in New York is conceded by the World but the balance of the state ticket is claimed for the Democrats by 30,000 majority. The legislature is conceded to be Republican. The Republicans claim that Cornell's plurality will be 20,000.

AT MIDNIGHT.

returns from outside the cities of New York and Brooklyn show that Cornell has 35,000 majority to stem the vote of these two cities, against this Robinson has 22,000 majority in the cities. Three hundred districts in these two cities out of 378, give Cornell 33,522; Robinson, 40,123; Kelly, 30,575. The whole anti-Tammany ticket in New York City is elected.

RETURNS FROM MASSACHUSETTS leaves no doubt of Long's election by 12,000 majority.

WISCONSIN

gone overwhelmingly Republican and indications being that Smith will have between 25,000 and 30,000 majority. Milwaukee goes Republican by two hundred and forty-seven.

PILLSBURY'S MAJORITY

in Minnesota will be about 10,000.

PENNSYLVANIA

gives a Republican majority of forty-five thousand. In Philadelphia the largest vote ever known was cast and the Republican ticket leaves the city with 30,000 majority.

ILLINOIS

elects the entire Republican ticket. Chicago has a Republican majority of six thousand.

CONNECTICUT AND NEW JERSEY

elect Republican assemblymen with large majorities for both.

NEBRASKA

gives Republican candidate for Supreme Judge, Cobb, 12,000 majority.

VIRGINIA

returns indicate that the debt payers have carried the State over the repudiationists.

MARYLAND AND MISSISSIPPI

both gone Democratic though a light vote was cast in both states.

LATEST NEWS.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 7.—As the returns come in Pillsbury's majority approaches 14,000.

IN NEW YORK STATE

the Republicans have some hopes of having carried the balance of the State ticket, outside of Cornell, excepting Soule, engineer. The Tribune's estimate gives Potter a margin of from 500 to 1,000 over Haskins; Carr over Beach of 900; Wadsworth over Alcott 2,300, and further returns are likely to increase rather than diminish the Republican vote.

TAMMANY

Old-Time Banking.

Some funny stories are told of business methods in the olden time, one of which will occur repeating as an illustration of the advantages silver dollars possess as a bank reserve.

The old Farmer's & Mechanics' Bank was established in Detroit in 1839. In 1845, owing to some disastrous operations in Ohio, it was temporarily badly crippled, and to tide over the crisis the directors lent their best energies. The bank had a large volume of notes outstanding, all redeemable in coin on presentation, and it was apprehended that the moment the condition of the institution became known a run would ensue which would compel the closing of their doors. Now-a-days a bank officer would throw up the sponge under such circumstances, and suspend payment like a little man, but then bankers were both bold and fertile of expedient. The coin ran down very low, and there was no time to be lost. The services of a friend of the institution were secured, and he was privately sent to a creditor (Lyell, the subsequently defaulting banker, by the way), to whom the critical state of the bank was whispered, and the wisdom of some measures for self-protection suggested. Lyell snapped at the bait, and upon a hint from the officious visitor, rushed to the nearest court and got an injunction forbidding the bank to pay out any more coin pending the order of the court. This effectively saved the concern, for when note-holders subsequently presented the bank's paper for redemption, they were politely met with the reply, "We should be very happy to oblige you, sir, but unfortunately we are for few days tied up by a process of the Wayne Circuit Court. We hope the injunction will soon be dissolved when, etc."

It was late in the afternoon when the injunction was served, and the stock of coin had some hours previously dwindled to \$53. The Cashier meantime was on net-ties. If that injunction did not come quickly the concern was ruined. At every opening of the door the poor man trembled in his shoes, lest the new-comer should be a note holder in quest of coin. One more demand would close the concern forever. Slowly the clock ticked off the minutes, full thirty of which must yet elapse before the hour of closing. Would that injunction never come? At last the door opened, and a nervous, bustling man hurried to the counter. The Cashier saw at a glance that it was all up with him, but while there was a little hope he thought,

"Here, Mr. Cashier, I've got \$500 of your notes I want coin for."

The cashier endeavored to preserve a placid exterior while he deliberately thought himself now he might delay a refusal of payment for a little while, until, perchance, an officer would come in with the hoped-for injunction.

"So you want coin for your bills, do you?" suavely remarked the cashier, glancing with the corner of his eye through the open window into the all too quiet street.

"Why, yes! I live in Dexter, and I want to catch the four o'clock train; so hurry up the specie."

"All right! What's the news in Dexter? How do the crops look? How's my old friend—? Is he living there still? And by the way, what in the world can you do with specie in that little country town that Farmers & Mechanics' bills won't accomplish?"

"O! never mind. Give me my money so that I can catch the train. The fact is, there is a little flurry up there about the safety of your bank, and I want to make sure of my money."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the cashier, "afraid of our bank, are they? Well, they must be getting pretty fastidious when the conservative old Farmers' and Mechanics' won't suit them. Why, my dear sir—!"

"Never mind about the pedigree of your bank, but give me my money or I shall miss the train."

"Certainly, my dear sir." (Another glance through the window, but still no Sheriff in sight.) *Aside:* "What shall I do?"

"There, I've got only ten minutes to catch my train. If you will assure me upon honor that it is all right, and that the bank is not going to bust, I won't wait now, but if you are going to shut up I want my money. Come, how is it, old fellow?"

"Really, sir," replied the polite Cashier, "you place me in a very delicate position. If I tell you the bank is safe, and anything happens hereafter, you will blame me; on the other hand, if I tell you it is shaky I shall be justly discharged. I prefer not to make any statement, but simply count out your 1,000 half dollars." (Half dollars were the principal coinage in circulation at that time.)

Turning screw-driver in hand, to a strong wooden box, apparently tightly screwed together, such as silver coin was usually packed in those days, but which the Cashier knew very well to be absolutely empty, he wiped off his brow and set himself to work as if to an Herculean task.

The man glanced at the clock, then at the iron bound coin-box, then mentally calculated the weight of a thousand half-dollars, then burst out with: "Never mind; I see you have got the coin, and I'll be darned if I'm going to pack a thousand half dollars all the way to Dexter-to-night. Never mind, Mr. Cashier, I won't trouble you," and out of the bank he darted.

The injunction was served soon after and the danger passed. But the old Farmers' and Mechanics' still kept up the habit of being short of coin, and did so till the last, when nearly twenty years later what was left of it was consolidated with a private bank, and became the now prosperous American National Bank of Detroit. The worthy Cashier still lives in Detroit, and finds a bonanza of enjoy-

ment in recounting the amusing incidents of old-time financing.

Eminent American Women.

From Forney's Progress.

European Queens all live in history, but the wives of our American Presidents or statesmen pass away almost without record. Unlike female rulers in foreign countries, they have no political rights and only govern by their graces in social and domestic life.

James Parton has done more than any man living to freshen the fading lines in the lives of our lady Presidents. That incomparable biographer, in a volume not often read nowadays, though printed in 1868. "The People's Book of Biography," tells us that Mrs. Martha Washington was a plump, pretty, sprightly, little woman in her youth, but settled down into a plain, domestic wife, but looked sharply after the servants; she was far from an educated woman, and though she kept her own accounts, was a poor spell'er. Parton quotes Miss Bremer, the authoress, who relates a "curtain lecture" of the great man by Martha, which she overheard in the sleeping-room. Martha was angry, and scolded a long time. The General listened in silence till she was done, and then mildly closed the scene with, "Now good sleep to you, my darlin'!" Gen. Washington was very rich, and Mrs. Washington was very rich, and her three children by her first husband were heirs to great wealth. Washington's mother was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, who preferred her own broad aces, and declined to go and live with her great son. "I thank you, George," said she, "but I desire to be independent." And when Gen. Lafayette called, she was at work in her garden, with her old sunbonnet on; so she came to him, saying "I could not pay you so poor a compliment, Marquis, as to stay to change my dress." * * * Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow, Mrs. Maria Skelton, who had considerable property; but that did not save her great husband, who died deeply in debt, owing to his lavish devotion to his country. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty of face and form, and singularly competent to adorn and conduct a great household. A little above the medium height, fair complexion; eyes large, dark, and expressive, auburn hair, and a daring horsewoman, and full of talent. She played, danced and sung well, and had literary taste. When Jefferson courted her he was 28 and she 19. He played the violin and sang well, and he had money then, and a high position, he distanced all rivals. They had a great wedding. She had an immense responsibility managing her husband's great estate, had six children of whom only two survived, and died before he rose to his great renown, mourned by him to the last. He remained a widower forty-four years, down to his death. Of course she never saw him in the White House. * * * Dolly Payne was a Quaker, and a widow when she married James Madison, and a daughter of a Virginia planter, born in North Carolina. Her father and mother set their slaves free and moved to Philadelphia, and there Dolly married a lawyer named Todd. She was 20, and he died three years after, leaving her with a son and no wealth. Her mother kept boarders while Congress sat here, and she helped her mother to keep the establishment. Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a Senator from New York, and James Madison, a member of Congress from Virginia. Dolly was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison he was 43 and she 25. They had no children. When he became President, in 1809, the White House received its lovely mistress, who enjoyed its attraction for eight years. She died in Washington, in 1849, aged 82 years, surviving her husband thirteen years. * * * Daniel Webster was twice married, but his first wife was the mother of all his children. She was a clergyman's daughter, one year older than himself, quite accomplished, not beautiful, but much esteemed; and when she came to Washington, more than fifty years ago, made many friends. She died in New York, aged 46, in 1827, whether she had been taken from the National Capital, by her husband. If she never saw him in his splendid prime she did not witness his sad decline. * * * I have spoken of Mrs. Andrew Jackson more than once. She was the wife of another man, Lewis Robards of Kentucky, when young Jackson saw and loved her. Her mother, Mrs. Donelson, was keeping a boarding-house at the time, having returned to Tennessee with Mr. and Mrs. Robards, and Jackson lived in her house. Result a jealous husband and a separation. A rumor came that a divorce had been granted, and then Jackson married the "grass widow;" but the rumor proving false, they lived together two years before divorce could be legally granted, and then they were married again. The first husband left early, and these peculiar circumstances led to many bitter quarrels between Jackson, who grew into a great reputation, and his many enemies. She was short and stout, a great housekeeper and manager, very religious, very illiterate, kind to her slaves, and full of anecdote and fun. She had no children, and died in December, 1828, just after her great husband was elected President. She was the "Aunt Rachel" of Nashville, and regularly smoked a pipe with the General. When the news of his election as President came to her dying couch, she simply said: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake [she always called him Mr. Jackson] I am glad; for my part, I never wished it."

The other night about 12 o'clock, the village of Dodge Center was entered by a disastrous fire. The fire broke out in the corner store at the west end of the row of business buildings on the north side of Main street, and extending east-

ward, burnt that and four of the adjoining buildings. The sixth building in the row was a butcher's shop and was torn down. The buildings destroyed were a confectionary store, a drug store, a grocery, a restaurant, and a saloon.

Good Advice.

Do not call a man a liar unless you have a lump in your throat and are quite sure he is a liar.

Much jewelry is vulgar.

Do not smack while eating.

Do not cut your nails in public.

Do not run after famous people.

Do not breathe hard while eating.

Feeding waiters is paying blackmail.

Serve vegetables on separate plates.

Cheese should be eaten with a fork.

Unsweetened coffee cures bad breath.

A man's dress should not be remarkable.

Do not give mere friends costly presents.

Short nails make the finger tips grow broad.

Girls who part their hair on the side look fast.

In going up and down stairs precede the lady.

A formal call is long if it last over half an hour.

Never take bits out of your mouth with your hands.

There is too much promiscuous kissing in this country.

A young lady should never stretch her feet out in company.

Some men unpleasantly comb their mustaches at the table.

A pink ribbon under the chin makes a pale woman look brighter.

Always take the last piece of everything—there is supposed to be more.

Wonderful Slippers.

Students in general, and medical students particularly, enjoy things outre.

The skull and crossbones being too old a story for Max Weldon, of Lafayette, Ind., that young patron of a Cincinnati medical college has procured a pair of slippers made from the hide of a human subject. The hide belonged to one of Weldon's fellow sawbones, whose name he will not give. The nameless student got it into his head to send the hide to a shoemaker in Cincinnati. The latter first had the thing tanned, and without so much as a shudder gave it over at last to the knife and awl. The footgear show their peculiar texture. To the innocent Boccaccio of the Lafayette Courier, in which a sketch of the slippers appeared, "the leather seemed a light brown in color, and was streaked with parallel veinings of a darker shade, the whole as soft as silk." "Among his friends," continues the Courier, "the doctor makes no secret of the mystery of the slippers." He thinks, in fact, that there is no more harm in wearing them than in wearing rings made from human bone, or, indeed, of sporting watchguards of human hair. The Courier had some fears at first lest it was being hoaxed, but, to verify the matter, such of the hide as had not been put into the slippers was produced, thus settling all doubts at rest.

The Spirit World.

The very grave is a passage into the beautiful and the glorious. We lay our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knees, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheeks we have imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us, but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped from our side, where are they but just beyond us—not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and love. Is there anything alarming in the thought of the invisible? No. It seems to me that sometimes when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers of joy from the spirit-land which have dropped into our hearts thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious—as though an angel's wing passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts to raise our affections toward the other and better world.

As food, eggs are exceedingly nutritious. They are easy of digestion, and, when the shell is included, they may be said to contain in themselves all that is required for the construction of the body. It has been claimed for them that they may be served in about 600 ways, although it is generally found that the more simply they are prepared the more they are approved. Although other eggs than those of birds are eaten—for instance, turtles' eggs—it is generally conceded that the eggs of the common fowl and of the plover possess the richest and sweetest flavor. An ordinary hen's egg weighs from one and a half to two and a half ounces avoirdupois, and the quantity of dry solid matter contained in it amounts to about 200 grains. In 100 parts, about ten parts consist of shell, sixty of white and thirty of yolk. The white of the egg contains a larger proportion of water than the yolk. It contains no fatty matter, but consists chiefly of albumen in a dissolved state. All the fatty matter of the egg is accumulated in the yolk, which contains relatively a smaller proportion of nitrogenous matter, than the white. It is said that raw eggs are more easily digested than the cooked ones. A hard-boiled egg presents a decided resistance to gastric solution.

BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANK OF BISMARCK.

J. W. RAYMOND, Pres. W. H. BULL, Cash. A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

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JOHN A. STOYELL, Attorney at Law.

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B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Office at Dunn's Drug Store, 92 Main Street.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Jamestown, D. T.

A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

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Sheridan House,

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The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,

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Building new and commodious, rooms large and comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27f

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Fifth Street near Main.

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This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 6-7

Sherman House,

FARGO, D. T.

One block west of post office and U. S. Land Office. Opposite Railroad Depot.

T. MARTIN, Proprietor

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Retrospection.
A rose, a leaf, two broken rings—
Mamma, why keep these worn old things?
A lock of hair, a picture—see;
Can all these things come play with me?
A piece of whip, an old kid love,
A card with "love," "love."
A picture with blue eyes is here
And two hearts on it—oh, so neat.
And here's some violets stowed away
Please may I play with these to-day?
I wonder if you mean to keep
These queer old things in here asleep.
No, no, my babe, my dark-eyed pet,
You must not touch these trifles yet.
The leaf, and rose, and other things,
I've kept with thoughts kind, memory brings.
That picture, with the eyes of blue,
Once loved mamma—it sighs to me.
The violets hide a thought of home—
So let the tiny things alone!
I could not, darling, give you these
Old broken rings nor withered leaves.
A token bright they are for me,
Of friends now far beyond the sea.
The baby face looked into mine,
And said: "I'll play with these some other time."

Cool Courtship.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, writing from the Azores, gives this description of the way in which courting is conducted: Passing a house in the suburbs of Ponta Delgada one day, I saw a young man standing in the middle of the road talking to a young lady who was leaning over the railing of the balcony. When he saw us he walked away. Looking back I saw that he had returned and was again chatting with the lady. In answer to my inquiry look an English lady of the party said:

"Oh! that is Azorean courtship; they always begin in that way. Indeed, they continue in the same way for a long while. The young gentleman is not admitted to the house until about to be engaged to the young lady, and then he sees her only in the presence of the other members of the family."

She Sewed On His Buttons.

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest, and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have and pretending to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. Blummer, with marvellous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unbuttoned it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Mr. Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny shirt button, and the next was a brass army-overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxidized-silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button-money grudged in that household hereafter.—*Cleveland Herald*.

Spiritual Womanhood.

Feminine religion, as it is now understood, is not a settled state of mind so much as an accidental exhibition of feeling. It is due to the presence of particular social conditions, and, when these have ceased to be operative, it frequently ceases to exist. And even in the case of the strong-minded women and girls, it will be found that, however great the temptation toward it, emotional ecclesiasticism is on the decline rather than the increase. If exception be taken to this view, let it be remembered that there is going on in England a perpetual process of social upheaval, and that there are annually an immense number of daughters of the middle class who acquire a social veneer of that culture which is affected by their social betters, and who incidentally take up with Ritualism. On the other hand, sterner occupations and severer modes of thought attract a large percentage of young ladies, to whom stoles and chasubles were once the main business of existence. The wife and mother of the upper classes, who, ten years ago, might have been more or less of a fashionable religieuse, is now not improbably an avowed free-thinker. Liberal in politics and latitudinarian in religion, she hates sacramentalism and all that concern it with an intensity worthy of Victor Hugo himself. Thus we have two distinct types of spiritual womanhood. The new or the anti-ecclesiastical, may be directly referred to the progress which the higher female education has made. That education is advancing every day. What will the religion of the woman of the future be like? How will the congregations of the Ritualistic churches of fashionable London be composed twenty years hence? Or will these churches after such an interval continue to exist?—*London World*.

The Mother's Vacation.

Now the criticisms that men make on women's work—and I dare say that those made by women on men are no more reasonable—are mainly of this description—growing out of the impression that all work is easy which one does not understand. Just as hay-making is the lightest and most graceful of labors to those who have never personally handled a hay-fork, so is the greater part of a woman's day's work easy to a man until he has tried it. Try him for a while at the occupation that seems lightest—let us say, for two hours' steady work at taking out basting-threads from that pretty blue bunting that was bought to please him—and see if he does not get some new views on the subject! And all this has yet a farther bearing upon the summer "rest," as it is called, of women, by the mountains, or sea-shore. We sometimes see very ill-natured things said on this subject by those who should know better. It is easy to contrast the hot summer labors of the husband in the city with the cool summer vacation of the wife. How few stop to remember that though the husband's nominal vacation be shorter, it is expected to be vacation indeed; he lays his books or his handicraft absolutely aside; all that, is demanded of him ordinarily is that he should amuse himself. The woman's vacation is nominally longer, but, if she is a housekeeper, a wife, a mother, she keeps her work and her care with her. If she keeps house in the country, it is still housekeeping, with increased difficulty of obtaining servants; even if she boards, she still has her children with her, and has upon her through the summer days the exclusive responsibility of seeing that they are fed, clothed, kept out of mischief in pleasant days, kept in employment on rainy days, and kept from collision with other boarders all the time. She and they are the gainers by it, on the whole, but if she were to sit down on Sunday and write for her husband a precise diary of the week, it would often be a singular interpretation of the words "summer rest." —T. W. Higginson, in *Woman's Journal*.

Miss Dickinson as a Talker.

The following is from Anna Dickinson's "A Ragged Register."

Speeding over the Michigan Central, one of the beings who must express himself or die, having watched me fume over my window till I had at last conquered the catch and received a mouthful of fresh air, abandoned his seat on the opposite side of the car, crossed, and planted himself in front of me and the partially open sash. Presently he stirred, shrugged his shoulders, turned up his coat collar, and remarked, "It's chilly." As the announcement was apparently made to creation generally, I felt no call to respond. Dissatisfied at the silence, he faced around, and in various ways sought to get up a conversation. My answers were wonderfully short. At last, as a desperate resource, he said:

"Leeturing your trade, ain't it? You make your bread and butter by it, don't you?"

My tired head nodded what served for an assent.

"Well, now, all's grist that comes to your mill, then? One fellow's stamps are good? another's, hey?"

I am forced to admit it.

"Well, now," growing emphatic, and dragging out some greasy-looking bills and currency, "look here. You'll never lecture in our town. It's too darned small. But I'd like to hear what you can do when your steam's up. I thought I'd get a free blow-out, but I reckon you weren't born yesterday—got your eye-teeth cut. There's a dollar; 'll that pay for a good, square talk and all the fixes?"

I make it manifest to him that it won't, and hold my peace once more.

"What! not for a dollar? Well, then, it's pretty steep, but I don't mind just for once going two dollars."

Not even for ten dollars can I be wound up and made to go, and his forbearance is exhausted.

"You don't mind my telling you that I think you're pretty considerable much on the make? I never did see your beat. You won't be sociable, and you won't make a square trade. You're not the woman for my stamps," putting back his unwashed currency. "I wouldn't talk to you, if—well, I'd as lief talk to a stone wall. Perhaps you'd like your own company?"

And, as I did not contradict him, he gathered himself up, overcoat and all, and replanted himself for a slow roast by the fiery dragon of a stove, but, evidently, bore me no malice, for, getting out at a lumber town in the woods, he paused, and said, "If you ever should speak anywhere 'round, I'll come to hear you."

Sweet Smiles.

WOMEN always claim to be anxious to have as good husbands as possible, and yet we never attended a wedding where the bride married the best man.—*Boston Post*.

It was a Trojan lady, a niece of Mrs. Veneering and a cousin of Mrs. Shoddy, who invited a lady to come around and see her horse and phantom.—*Albany Journal*.

MISS MADEUP OLDGAL—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—" Young Foodle—"When you—er—planted it?"

AN old Bridgeport (Ct.) woman, who has pasted nearly 5,000 medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, has never been sick a day in her life, and is growing discouraged; some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

A BOSTON wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to go down to the office and balance the books. On his return fifteen miles of walking was recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard-table all the evening.

A YOUNG lady advertised for a maid. One applied, and, in response to the inquiry whether she was quick, she replied: "Oh! so quick that I will engage to dress you in half an hour." "In half an hour," reiterated the young lady; "and what shall I do the rest of the day?"

You may talk about quality and all that sort of thing but, until a woman can go a week's journey with no other baggage than a clean handkerchief and tooth-brush, she can never hope to occupy a position upon the same exalted plane with us who are nature's lords of the universe.

TWO LADIES with children are talking in the garden of the Tuilleries. Little Billy leaves his companion and addresses his mamma's friend: "Say, madame, will you take me walking with you?" "With pleasure, my child; but why do you want me to?" "Cause you could show me so many streets and things and tell me about them. Mamma says you are so much older than she is!"—*Paris newspaper*.

A Quiet, Influential Life.

States owe much of their prosperity to such men and women as are set forth in Gray's lines:

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way,
One of these "noiseless" men was Joshua Fry, an early settler of Kentucky. He possessed considerable means and much benevolence, and was thoroughly educated.

Seeing that the sons and daughters of his neighbors were growing up in ignorance, through the imperfect education afforded them, he opened a school in his own house.

Those who were able to pay he charged a small sum, and those who could not were taught gratuitously. He became noted for his success in managing refractory boys.

One day, a bare-footed and bare-headed boy presented himself at Mr. Fry's house. He was the son of a brick-maker, and worked in his father's yard. All efforts to keep him at school had failed. His wild habits had caused him, again and again, to be sent home as an incorrigibly bad boy.

Somehow, the notion had entered the boy's head that if he could get into Mr. Fry's school he would learn something and become somebody. So that day, he had left the brick-yard to go over to the schoolmaster's house.

He frankly told Mr. Fry that he was bad and had been expelled several times from the log-cabin school, because the teacher could not manage him.

"But, Mr. Fry," he added, "I want to come to your school, for I think you can manage me."

"I think I can," said Mr. Fry; "come in."

"Bob" went in, and the teacher so managed him that he became the Hon. Robert P. Letcher, member of Congress and Governor of Kentucky.

One day another boy came to Mr. Fry's house. He was poor, he said, but he wished to be fitted for college. If Mr. Fry would take him, he would pay him some day for his board and tuition.

"Come in and make yourself at home," said the kind-hearted teacher. The poor boy became Chief Justice Robertson, one of the most popular and useful of Kentucky's great men.

Before Mr. Fry died he had the satisfaction of seeing many of his pupils numbered among the distinguished public men of the State. Thus, quietly but distinctly, he had impressed himself by doing all the good he could and making no fuss about it.

Remarkable Case of Death by Lightning.

A house was pointed out as a negro cabin in which a woman was killed under the following circumstances: She was sitting in a chair that was leaning against the wall in the corner, and holding an infant in her arms, with five or six children lying on the floor at her feet. There were no signs of the track of the lightning bolt about the house at all. The right or left temple of the woman had received the electric blow, and was pressed in as if by a terrible stroke from a stamp usually used by postmen in mailing letters. The woman was instantly killed without moving or giving any evidence of death. The infant was but slightly injured. The dead mother sat there for nearly three quarters of an hour with her little infant still quietly folded in her lifeless arms. The others at her feet were more or less hurt. One or two were set on fire and seriously damaged. The woman, however, was the only one that was fatally injured. This was certainly a most remarkable occurrence.—*Warren (Ga.) Clipper*.

Gapes.

We have learned to jest at gapes by making a free use of camphor. We give to a chicken in a very bad case, a pill as large as a garden pea. As soon as we see symptoms of gape we give the birds water to drink which is strongly impregnated with camphor, thus giving to the chickens what was a favorite medicine with our grandmothers—camphor julep.

The treatment seems to explain itself. The gapes, or gaping is caused by the presence of small red worms in the windpipe. No medicine can reach them unless in the form of vapor. An hour after the chicken has swallowed the pill it smells of camphor. Camphor is a very strong vermifuge, and the worm dies.

Rome Herald.

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

No. 82 Main Street, Bismarck, Dakota.

—DEALERS IN—

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Bird Cages, Granite, Iron and Pressed Tinware, Lamps, Cordage, Wood

en-ware, Etc., Etc.

Fine assortment of

Table and Pocket Cutlery, Shears and Scissors, in the City.

A new and complete stock of

Cook and Parlor Stoves

just received.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS!

DEERE & CO.'S PLOWS, AND BUCKEYE MOWERS.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Work done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts.,

BISMARCK, D.T.

The Pacific Sample Room,

COR. MAIN AND FOURTH STS.,

(Eisenberg's Old Stand.)

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

Only the CHOICEST LIQUORS and CIGARS Sold.

The place has been fitted up and abounds with

NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS,

Thus making it the most popular resort in the City.

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ELDER & CO., Prop'r.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Third Street,

(Next door back of Merchants Hotel)

Bismarck, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

The Bismarck Tribune.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50
Six Months, \$1.50
Three Months, \$0.75

ADVERTISING RATES:
Transient—Display, One inch, one time, \$1;
subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,
unparalil, at same rate.
Legal Notices—Seventy-five cents per folio for
first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each
subsequent insertion.
Contract Rates—One inch, three months, \$5;
2½ inches, three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15; 10
inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.
Professional cards, four lines or less, per annum,
\$10; additional lines, \$2.50.
Business notices, 10 cents per line each
insertion.
Original poetry, \$1 per line.
Ad' b'l's for Advertising will be collected
monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY,

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p.m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOSEPH HARE, W.M.

LIMER N. COREY, Sec.

I.O.O.F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I.O.O.F. are held in Raymond's Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

W.L. A. BENTLEY, N.G.

S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. Doctor. Services at the brick school house every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school after morning service. All are cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Saturday at City Hall, at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats fr. e.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily. Smalls excepted at 7:30 p.m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a.m.

Leave for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Bismarck every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 p.m.

Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a.m.; arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p.m. Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all posts in North and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m. and arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 4 p.m.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p.m. Registered Mails for all Points Close at 3 P.M. Office open from 7 to 9 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. On Sundays from 7 to 9 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1879.

THE Yankton Herald reports rapid progress on the work of grading the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to that point is being made, and the road will be in operation to Yankton early next season.

The Journal, a new candidate for public favor, published at Verndale, a comparatively new town on the North Pacific, has made its appearance. Albert S. Millian, editor. The paper is neat and newsy.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, the Milwaukee railroad king, it is said, has determined to vote the Republican ticket hereafter and for that reason declined to accept the Democratic nomination for governor. Charley Foster, Governor elect of Ohio, was a liberal in 1872.

MASON A. W. EDWARDS has his printing material on the ground and will soon launch the Fargo Daily Argus. The Major believes the paper will be a financial success from the start and THE TRIBUNE hopes it may be. The Major has ability enough to deserve success and is popular.

JAMES TAYLOR has retired from the management of the Yankton Herald leaving Marie Taylor in editorial and business charge. The Taylor Brothers have built up a handsome newspaper business and have published a paper in every way creditable to them and to the city in which they reside.

For the information of Vidette, of the Black Hills Journal, the editor of THE TRIBUNE desires to say that he has not written a letter in relation to politics for the Pioneer-Press or any other newspaper for five years past, and knows no more of the Cactus letter than he does of the editorial work on the Journal.

SENATOR SPENCER, in reference to the mention of his name in connection with Dakota politics, says he would not accept the position of delegate to congress from Dakota if tendered by the unanimous voice of the people; that he is not a resident of Dakota and does not expect to become one; that only attention to his mining interests will call him here occasionally.

THE Deadwood Times thinks it will require long lines to discover the depths where J. B. Raymond and Col. Lounsberry are securely anchored as candidates for delegate. THE TRIBUNE rises to remark that the subject probably possesses but little personal interest to either. It certainly does not to the last named, except as it affords occasion for notes or comments of interest to the readers of THE TRIBUNE.

M. C. RUSSELL will come to the front in this week's Duluth Tribune having changed his base to that city and taken a

position on that paper. Mitchell, however, announces that the discussion of hell and the bible for which that paper is somewhat noted, will continue. If Mitchell will drop this subject and use his vigorous style in the discussion of subjects upon which the people are less sensitive or in which they are more interested, with Russell's help he can make the Tribune fairly boom. Mitchell is a jewel whose value is never overrated, and as prosperity is returning to Duluth the Tribune had better drop hell and go for business.

THE ELECTIONS.

Well! The battle has been fought and the victory won. Southern arrogance and Southern bulldozing has been rebuked; and a victory won for honest money that will prove decisive.

If we mistake not the crack of the bulldozer's rifle will be no more heard in the land. Having succeeded in forcing the North into a solid column to meet and defeat the solid South in its plan of outrage and murder, their hopes for success are blasted and the occupation of the bulldozer is gone.

The war forced the South to stop raising niggers for market; the result of the recent elections will teach them better than to raise hell for fun and they may now go to work and raise cane, cotton, cattle and corn for a living, and feel assured that a proper respect for the rights of others will place them in position to win the esteem of muscle and money which is only needed to make the South the fairest land on the face of the earth.

Of all the Southern states Texas alone prospers and she has been so flooded with Northern men during the past three years that she has almost ceased to be Southern in character.

When the young men of the South cease to dream dreams of a Southern dynasty, and cease to hope for a return of the days when white lived on black; when the possession of a planter's hat, boots and spurs, a bowie knife and a nigger, were passports to respectability, and begin to work as the men of the North have ever worked to build up their individual fortunes, and the prosperity of their section, a new era will dawn on the South.

Consider the stream of energy and money that is pouring into the northwestern states. In ten years there will be more wealth and population in the states north of Missouri and west of the Mississippi than there is in all of the Southern states, with their excellent climate, heavy timber, rich soil and wealth of minerals, not to speak of their advantages of location.

With New York and Ohio in the Republican ranks it is settled that the Republicans will win in the next Presidential campaign, and during the next twenty years of Republican administration the men of the South will have plenty of time to consider the error of their ways; to repent of their outrages while some wise man will doubtless rise up and teach them to labor and wait, and lead them into prosperity. The result of the elections will be found in the telegraphic columns of this paper.

ZACH CHANDLER, Michigan's great war senator, is dead. He told his friends goodnight at the Grand Pacific, Chicago, last Friday at 12 p.m., in apparent good health, but the morning found him dead. He was just concluding the most brilliant campaign of his life. He had spoken during the canvass in Maine and Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Illinois, and would have concluded his work at Detroit Monday evening. Mr. Chandler was a king among the stalwart Republicans of the land.

Beginning life without means he adopted a rule of inflexible integrity, and being active and prudent he became a millionaire. He was vigorous and quick spoken, as well as honest and prudent, and in his vocabulary there was no such word as fail. His language was more forcible than elegant, and he did not hesitate to style defaulters thieves, or characterize traitors and treason in proper terms. He never compromised with thieves or traitors and became the acknowledged leader of those opposed to surrendering to the South the results obtained by the war, and the leader of those determined at all hazards to protect the liberties of the people whether white or black. At the time of his death he was doing a noble work, but his soul, like that of good old John Brown, will march on until the people in all portions of the United States are truly free. No death among our public men has occurred since that of Lincoln that will strike so many hearts as that of Zach Chandler.

AGITATION in relation to territorial division is useless and the subject seems to have been dropped by general consent. The next Congress, however, which is likely to be Republican in both branches, will, no doubt, take it up, when Dakota will be divided on the 46th parallel and one or both sections will be admitted up-

der state organization. Dakota, if admitted now, would surely be Republican and the Democrats are not ready to add to the surely Republican states for the next presidential contest. If divided now the Republican States will be laid, and this they are not ready to do. No matter if delay is unjust, it is policy to delay and this congress will not act either for admission or division.

BRISBO, the half-breed scout, is after Gen. Miles in the Pioneer-Press. Brisbo's character may be estimated from the statement: "Sitting Bull is the best general in America and I can assure you that he is man who never tells a lie. I may safely say that I must call him a gentleman." Brisbo has evidently lent his name to a disgusted white man and is imposing upon the Pioneer-Press.

GEN. SHERIDAN says of Gen. Miles in his official report: "Col. Miles, in the organization of his column and his soldiery bearing, has given satisfaction to his superiors and inspired confidence in officers and men under his command." Gen. Sheridan warmly commends him for his campaign this summer.

PAT DONAN, the brave and brilliant to-be editor of the Deadwood Pioneer, is waiting as patiently as one of his make-up can for the new outfit for the Pioneer, when he will assume charge. In the meantime he writes excellent letters to Eastern and Southern journals.

THE Republicans not only carried everything by larger majorities than they had counted upon but carried their ticket in Chicago which was given up a week before. And the boom for good government and honest money is just commencing.

THE Times gives a full list of losses by the Deadwood fire from which it appears the loss amounts to \$1,604,250. Of the numerous fire-proofs only eighteen stood the seige of fire. The bank vaults were uninjured together with their contents.

GEN. JAS. H. BAKER, of Minnesota, has purchased the Mankato Record and Union and consolidated them under the name of the Mankato Free-Press. Gen. Jim will make a lively paper if he undertakes to do so.

Too much extra session, too much bulldozing, too many labor strikes, and too much greenback lunacy and too many Republican votes is what ails the Democratic party.

THE Republican majority in Wisconsin is more than double the highest estimates before election. Minnesota also gives a very large majority considering the light vote.

AS THE TRIBUNE prophesied would be the case, Charley Gilman receives the highest vote of any person on the Republican ticket in Minnesota.

ZACH CHANDLER was never smirched. He never wronged a man and never profited financially from politics. His estate is worth \$2,000,000, however.

THE Sioux Falls Independent man admits he kissed the hired girl but claims it's nobody's business since he isn't married besides they all do it.

THE vote of John Kelly in New York was unexpectedly large. John will be counted in next time when the ring is formed.

THE St. Paul Republicans and Democrats sensibly united in supporting good men for office regardless of politics.

THE wool crop of Montana this year was about 1,000,000 pounds. Not a bad showing for the northwest.

SHERMAN positively declines. That helps. Garfield will win for senator, however.

RESCUPTION has given the country property. The Republicans are responsible for it.

GOVERNOR BAGLEY will probably succeed Mr. Chandler in the U.S. Senate.

THE Democrats did carry the Yazoo district.

THE shot gun policy rebuked. It won't work.

CARRY the news to the bull-dozer.

OLD ZACH's soul is marching on.

BEN BUTLER, too.

Fred Edgar. The Central City Herald Oct. 28th, says: "There is a great hue and cry being made over Fred Edgar, by two or three small irresponsible sheets in the territory. Mr. Edgar is in Central City attending strictly to his own business. A part of this business, a sort of special duty as it were, will be to interview some of the sis's aforementioned with a three year old club."

INTELLIGENCE AND AMUSEMENT

OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED TO OBTAIN BOTH.

The Schools of Bismarck, and the Teachers Engaged—Odd Fellows and Masons—The Theatres.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Another department has been added to the public schools of Bismarck, and teachers of superior ability have been secured. Mr. F. A. McCreary has charge of the high school; Mrs. W. B. Marston of the intermediate, and Mrs. Dr. Slaughter of the primary. The school is excellent, all indeed, that can be desired, and because this is so, improvement has been determined upon the

SISTER'S SCHOOL

and a contract has been awarded to Mr. John Hoagland for the construction of a new school building. The building will be 20x48, situated directly in front of Father Chrysostom's residence. It will be two stories, light, comfortable and well furnished. It will be completed at the earliest possible moment. Delay, however, has been occasioned by the crowded state of the railroad.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

is nearing completion. The windows and furnace remain to be put in and the plastering to be done. A series of entertainments will be given in the course of the fall and winter to raise money to furnish the church and liquidate whatever balance there may be on account of construction.

REV. J. M. BULL,

the new Methodist minister, will succeed. He is a man after Mr. Starkey's own heart, who knows the ways of the world and is therefore competent to win men over to the cause for which he labors. The Methodists will build next year, having secured a very fine location for their church.

REV. W. C. STEVENS,

the Presbyterian minister, has returned with his bride. They will keep house and commence at once the struggle of life. Mrs. Stevens is a charming little lady who will no doubt aid much in building up the already large congregation with which Mr. Stevens is favored.

FATHER CHRYSOSTOM

loses none of his popularity and enjoys a large patronage for his church and school (and deserves it too) as this is emphatically a Catholic community.

THE MASON

have refitted and carpeted their hall and now boast as fine a hall as one could wish. The carpet is even finer than that of the Odd Fellows. The new chairs remain to be added. Among those contributing to the expense of renting the hall are Alex McLean, L. N. Griffin, C. R. Williams and Joseph Hare, \$25 each; E. L. Strauss, J. H. Marshall and paid \$15 and John Davidson and \$10, and others liberal donations. The interests of the Masonic Lodge will not languish when backed by such liberality. Meetings are held the first and third Monday in each month and are quite well attended.

THE ODD FELLOWS

lodge is prospering. Their hall is the finest and best fitted in the territory. The society is large and prospering.

CAPT. J. W. RAYMOND

will, at an early day, fit up the large room over his store, now used for storing furniture, for a public hall, filling "a long felt want." The scheme is a good one and ought to be carried out this winter.

CHAMPION HALL

has been fitted up for a dramatic combination including the Vincents and Gus Peters and wife, who are now giving a series of entertainments which deserve and receive a liberal patronage. The best class of our citizens attended Pinatore in this hall and were pleased as they will be if they attend the present series.

WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE

is well filled nightly by the fun loving class. No better variety talent is found anywhere than that employed by Whitney and those who go never have occasion to regret the expense of time or money. Whitney has remodeled his hall, putting in orchestra chairs; the stage has been refitted and new and pleasing scenery added; and the Opera House is now as pleasant a place to spend an evening as one could wish.

IN CONCLUSION

it may be well to remark that the interests of the little ones, and the pleasure of the grown people is well provided for, and as business men are prospering there is no reason why Bismarckers should not be happy.

Improvement of the Upper Missouri.

The Benton Record says: "The engineers under Mr. Stevens will return to Bismarck on the steamer Butte, on the 25th inst. The force controlled by Mr. Stevens is composed of three parties, one at Grand Island, where four dams have been constructed, thereby raising the water in the main channel sufficiently to render navigation easy where heretofore great delay has been occasioned; a second party at Bird's and adjacent rapids, where many rocks in shoal places have been removed, and large boulders in deep water have been blasted and scattered; a third party below Dauphin's rapids, are on a succession of reefs which heretofore made a crooked and dangerous channel. Both the latter parties are provided with large boats, steam engines, tackle and material for hoisting and removing rocks. The present season has shown a lower river by ten inches than last year, and if the same force is employed another year at five or six prominent points above Dauphin's rapids, a steamer can run with safety to Benton the entire season. Mr. Stevens proposes storing his engines, boats, etc., at Bird's rapids, so that his working force will be only necessary to transport next year."

Great Improvement.

Capt. Maguire, of Gen. Terry's staff, arrived Sunday from above, where he has been in charge of the engineer corps engaged in improving the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. He went east Monday. Steamboatmen who navigated the rivers in low water testify to the great improvement made by this party, in the river especially at Dauphin Rapids, Bird's Rapids, Cow Island and Grand Island. Another season's work with a liberal appropriation will allow steamboats to run through to Ft. Benton until the 1st of November as well as insuring their getting through to Benton as early as the 15th of April, and with but very little improvement, the river above the falls to within ten miles of Helena can be made a better stream for navigation than the river is now below the falls. The engineer party in charge of Mr. Tewer arrived on the Big

CRAZY CAMERON.

A Warning to Those Contemplating Millions at Brule City.

Charlie Collins, the founder of Brule City, recently advertised for a surveyor. The *Press and Dakotian* says that J. T. Cameron, of Decorah, Iowa, saw the advertisement and started for Brule. When he arrived he found the position had been given to one Fred Myers. He was so much disappointed at this that he went crazy, and started out for Red Lake, where he stopped for the night with Mr. Nelson. A party of Indians were camping about ten rods from the house, and during the night Mr. Nelson heard the window in Cameron's room fall, but did not think strange of this circumstance, supposing Cameron had become chilly. In the morning, however, it was found that the room was empty. Mr. Nelson aroused all the inmates of the house—his wife, the stage driver, Mr. Burns of Elk Point, and A. J. Creed, an employe at the ranch. Together they took an inventory of the missing man's effects, and found that they consisted of a hat, pants, vest, stockings, boots, pocket-book, money to the amount of \$19.20, a set of surveyor's instruments, an overcoat, valise containing articles of clothing, a buggy and two horses. These articles were carefully cared for and then Mr. Nelson, with all the force available, started to search for Mr. Cameron. After the searching party was organized he went to Fort Thompson, notified the authorities there, and attempted to send a telegram to Decorah relating the circumstances of the affair. The telegraph line was down, and he afterwards sent a message to White Swan and it was from there transmitted to its destination. The whole country was aroused and searching parties were sent out from all the settlements about. The men who volunteered for this duty labored faithfully for several days, but were finally compelled to give it up and let the mystery rest. This was the condition of affairs last Sunday night, when suddenly the object of their search appeared at the house of Andrew Peterson, in Brule City, sixteen miles from Red Lake. He was clad in a shirt, nothing more, and had in that condition wandered over the prairies for five days without a morsel of food. He was taken to Mr. Spaulding's store, where he was given something to eat and put to bed. It was there the reporter saw him. He was nervous, teetotal—utterly used up by exposure and long fasting and badly shaken mentally. In the course of a conversation with a *Press and Dakotian* reporter, Mr. Cameron made the following singular statement:

"I am 47 years of age. Forty years ago I dreamed that the Indians were after me; that I jumped in a cornfield and escaped from them. A month ago, while I was in bed with my wife, I had the same dream three nights in succession, and was very much affected by it. After I retired last Tuesday night, after having bid good night to Mr. Nelson, I only remember that I saw the Indians massacre everybody in the house, and I jumped out and ran away from them through a cornfield. I do not remember anything until I found myself upon the prairie with nothing but my shirt on. I walked along the bed of a creek, and seeing two men in sight, whom I took for Indians, I hid myself in the brush. (These two men he saw were two white men looking for him.) The next day I got very thirsty and towards night I struck the Missouri river and drank abundantly. The next day I saw a house in sight, and I was received at Mr. Peterson's, who then took me down where you see me now. I must confess that I have been a very ardent reader of dime novels, and always had a great fear of the Indians, and I think it is those readings which brought me to act the way I did."

This ended the statement of Mr. Cameron. He is recovering from the effects of his long tramp. He is also becoming more accustomed to life on the frontier, and it is probable that he will not again be induced to repeat his strange experience. Mrs. Cameron has been telegraphed for and is expected at Brule City before many days.

Autumn Leaves and Keogh Locals.

Jesse Jerrill, THE TRIBUNE'S Ft. Keogh correspondent, protests against "Rex's" version of that September ride, recently published in THE TRIBUNE, and concludes as follows: "All the same, there is a small home in Keogh bright with autumn leaves. Seriously, I never could see why some people should consider it so absurd to have a sense of the beautiful unless possessed of \$10,000 a year! God has put a great deal of cheap beauty into His world—a great comfort to people of artistic tastes but lean purses—and the poorest has only to open eye and ear, and heart to find it all about him. Is it necessary to pay five dollars for a front seat at the great panorama of sunset?"

Having uttered my small protest against the cultivation of the useful to the exclusion of the esthetic, I will give you a few local facts. All the "boys" seem to be very busy now. Some are employed in gathering in vegetables from the various warrens. Several quarters are in course of erection—one in the officers' row to replace the building burned, one for the occupation of the ordnance sergeant, and others. The boiler makers are progressing with the cisterns for the fire department. Some of them are already set, and nearly all are ready to be put in. The thermometer indicated somewhere in the neighborhood of 20 deg. during the late cold snap. Holloween passed off quietly here, there being no pert young "sophies" to carry off gates, etc. Tell you what, girls, there is something in that Holloween business. Had my fortune told last Holloween, said I would be married by next one, and it came true. Go thou and do likewise.

Miles City is flourishing. During a recent visit to the school there I noticed that the children, though crowded into a small, ill-ventilated room, did credit to their bright-faced teacher, whose experience in the clean, bright, well-furnished, graded schools of the East has hardly fit

ted her for "roughing it" though she expresses herself as well satisfied.

Dakota as a State. [Elk Point Courier.]

How Dakota would shake things next fall if she were only a State. With her large Republican majority the United States Senate would be sure of two sound senators and a member of Congress with power to vote. It would give us a chance to show what we can do. Then, too, hundreds of Dakota politicians are getting rusty, who would possibly wink at the governorship and many of the smaller offices filled in the States by elections. Divide Dakota, if must be, say her in twain on half a dozen parallels, if parallels have to be made for the purpose, send Bismarck and Drifting Goose afloat, give Lounsbury the right to "boom" all he pleases, but let's put on long dresses. Just why in thunder we don't make an effort to get Dakota into statehood, is strange, to say the least. Brethren, let's pray for Congress—no, save your wind in that direction—we mean, pray at Congress or pray Congress—well, then hint that Dakota wants to be a State.

Don't Like It.

Capt. Baker's company "D" 6th Infantry, will be stationed on the Little Missouri this winter at the crossing of the extension. The company's place at Fort Lincoln will be filled by a company of the 11th Infantry from Cheyenne under Capt. Roach, son of the famous lawyer who figured so prominently in the Beecher-Tilton unpleasantness, with C. F. Roe as first Lieutenant. Capt. Josiah Chance will perform the duties of post treasurer, chief commissary department and other offices at Ft. Lincoln, now held by Major Garland, who will take the field with his company, of which he is first Lieutenant.

Baldheaded Advice. [Central City Herald.]

Three or four wisecracks writing to the St. Paul *Press* have been mapping out the future of Dakota with a vengeance, so far as the delegateship is concerned. Lounsberry, of Bismarck, being prominently mentioned as a candidate, recalls, to our mind, an old Eastern proverb which we recommend to the gallant Colonel for personal reflection. It runs something like this: "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald, seize her in season and she is easily held, suffer her to escape and not even Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Jamestown.

This is one of the coming towns in Dakota, and will, for a year or two, improve nearly as rapidly as Fargo has for the past two years. A branch of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad will be built up the James river to that point and perhaps be extended up into the Devil's Lake region where some of the very best lands in Dakota are found. Jamestown has built a court house, schoolhouse, a large hotel, several business houses and many residences during the past year.

Joe Hare gets Fresh Oysters every night by express and has got the best cook in the city to prepare them for the palate.

One Hundred Dollars Reward!
Strayed July 18th, 1879, twenty-one head native cows, branded "P" on left hip, and one yearling bull, and supposed to have been seen near old Ft. Ranney by surveyors. The above will be paid for information leading to recovery of said cattle. H. S. PARKIN.
Standing Rock, D. T.
Nov. 1, 1879.

Oysters.

Selects. Received fresh every night at CHAS. KURTZ.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods at Dan Eisenberg's.

Just received at W. B. Watson's, an elegant Line of Ladies' Skirts.

Lemons and all kinds of fresh Fruit, Pears, Grapes, Apples, etc., at CHAS. KURTZ.

The best assortment of Ladies' Furs in the city at Dan Eisenberg's.

New Citron. New Layer Raisins. New Dried Currants, etc., at CHAS. KURTZ.

Complete assortment of Ladies' and Misses Furs in all shades and colors at W. B. WATSON'S

Limberger, Schweitzer and American Cheese at CHAS. KURTZ.

Canaries For Sale.
Ed Sloan has three fine Canaries and two cages for sale at his residence on Fourth Street. They are good singers and can be bought cheap.

To embellish the streets and grounds in this city I will furnish and set with care, good sized Ash-Leaved Maples at forty cents each, or Cottonwoods at twenty-five cents. GEO. W. SWEET.

Oct. 28, 1879.

23-25

WATER! WATER!

25 Cents Per Barrel.

Buy your water from the

GREEN TANKS

RUN BY

Harrigan & Marble.

Best in the City.

v703f

WANTED ONE SALESMAN
for each State. Salary from \$75 to \$100 per month and expenses. References required.

LA BELLE MFG. CO.

92 Clark Street, Chicago.

Letters List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Friday, Nov. 7, 1879:

Bates F. F. Litten Adeline Larson Albert Lane Ed C McClellan E. Martin & Myers Beaver Ott Murray Albert Colley P. McLeod A. A. Cliff Ladmas Murphy John Christensen S. C. Myers Jack Chamberlin W. H. Mensen John Corbett Wm. H. Murray W. R. Danforth Frank Franklin N. Nelson Martin Donovan Jerry Powers Ed Dye J. Nannie Powers Thos. E. M. Mary Purrier W. Radueck Herman E. Elmers Chas. Ross L. A. Edmond Frank. Ross Robert H. Eggin James. Sauber H. P. Fleming James (colored) Sloan John Garrell Thomas. Simon J. A. Heitz Albert. Vince Abraham 2. Hays John A. Vankemmen Chas. Heiron John. Vandenburg James Holmer Mrs. Maggie. Winis Chas. Hotland Michael Wilson F. M. Hussey Wm. Will Louisa Jenkins D. P. Wetherby Jas. S. Juegden John Warner Moses Johnson John. Waltham Matt.

If the above letters are not called for in thirty days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Good cellar room for rent by DR. BENTLEY.

Sig Hansen is turning out some nobby suits for the boys.

PROPOSALS FOR STOCK CATTLE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,

OCT. 24, 1879.

Sealed proposals, endorsed proposals for stock cattle, and directed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington City, D. C. will be received until 11 o'clock a. m. of Wednesday, the 3rd day of December, 1879, for furnishing at the points hereinabove named, the following number of two year old American stock cattle, four per centum of which must be bulls, viz.: Yankeetown, Standing Rock and Lower Brule agencies, Dakota, 500 head each, Pine, Ridge and Rose Bend agencies, Dakota, 1,000 head each; Crow Creek agency, Dakota, 300 head; all of which cattle must have been raised and bred in Iowa or Minnesota, Cheyenne and Arapaho agency, Indian Territory, 500 head; Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita agency, 600 head; Osage Agency, Indian Territory, 400 head; Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, 200 head; Ponca and Sac and Fox agencies, Indian Territory, 200 head each; Kutz and Ponca (Nez Perce Indians) 100 head each; all of which cattle must have been raised and bred in Kansas or Missouri; Blackfeet Agency, Montana, 500 head; Shoshone and Bannock Agency, Wyoming, (or northern Arapaho Indians) 250 head; West Shoshone Agency, Nevada; Flathead Agency, Montana; and Hall Agency, Idaho, 200 head each; which cattle must have been raised and bred in Montana, Wyoming or Idaho.

Cattle for the Indian Territory must be delivered between April 1st and 15th; and the remainder between June 1st and 15th.

CERTIFIED CHECKS ONLY RECEIVABLE ON FOLLOWING BANKS, ETC.

All bids must be accompanied by certified checks upon some one of the following banks or Government Depositories, for at least five per cent of the amount of the proposal, viz.: Cincinnati National, New York; National Broadway, New York; American Exchange National Bank, New York; Philadelphia National, Philadelphia; First National, Baltimore; Third National, Cincinnati; Union National, Chicago; Fourth National, St. Louis; and Citizens National, Washington, D. C.; and the United States Assistant Treasurer at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis.

E. A. HAYT, Commissioner.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIRD DISTRICT OF DAKOTA.

WHEREAS, a libel has been filed in the District Court of the United States for the 3rd Judicial District, Territory of Dakota, on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1879, by Robinson, Rea & Co. of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, libellants, against the Steamer Eclipse, her tackle, apparel and furniture.

AND WHEREAS, the substance of the said libel is that between the first day of January, 1878, and the first day of July, thereafter, the said libellants sold and furnished at the request of the master and owners of said steamboat, the boiler, engine, machinery, tackle and apparel in and about furnishing, equipping and building of said steamboat at the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and claimed alien the iron under the laws of said State and the United States, and that there was due and unpaid thereon at the date of filing said libel the sum of Four thousand and Seven hundred and Ninety-nine and 80-100 Dollars, and praying process against said Steamboat Eclipse, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the said steamboat may be condemned and sold to pay the demands of libellants and costs.

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the motion under the seal of said Court to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give Public Notice to all persons claiming the said steamboat, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said District Court to be held at the City of Fargo on the 2nd day of December, 1879, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, (if the same shall be a day of jurisdiction,) otherwise on the next day of jurisdiction thereafter, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated November 4, 1879.

B. C. ASH, Deputy U. S. Marshal.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Proctors for Libellants.

24-26

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIRD DISTRICT OF DAKOTA.

WHEREAS, a libel has been filed in the District Court of the United States for the 3rd Judicial District, Territory of Dakota, on the 11th day of October, 1879, by George Peoples, libellant, against the Steamboat Eclipse, her tackle, apparel and furniture.

AND WHEREAS, the substance of said libel is that the said Steamer Eclipse was, the time the supplies hereinafter mentioned were furnished, a foreign steamboat owned by persons not residing in this Territory, and that between the first day of May, 1879, and the 15th day of August, thereafter, while the said steamboat was at the port of Bismarck, in Dakota Territory, the said libellant furnished and delivered at the request of the master of said Steamboat Eclipse, certain steamboat supplies needed in and about the repairing thereof, to the amount of Two hundred and Eighteen and 11-100 Dollars, and praying process against said Steamboat Eclipse, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the said steamboat may be condemned and sold to pay the demands of libellant and costs.

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DEAD.

BY HATTIE E. S. CREELEY.

Dead! one less of the household number!
Stricken down in the glow of manhood's strength,
And a widowed heart left to mourn and wail—
O'er sorrows encompassed by breath nor length;
But naught can disturb the peaceful slumber
Of the dear one sleeping down in the vale.

Dead, dead! one house in desolation,
Chief mourner for the inmates gone,
For the pair had neither kith nor kin,
And the old house stands like one forlorn,
And it seems not far from desecration
For strangers to set their feet thereon.

dead, dead! but the house not forsaken,
The old couple gone, the now in their places;
In the corner stand their vacant chairs,
And we see no more their smiling faces;
But we mourn that God has taken
Their troubled hearts from this life of cares;

dead, dead! all me, the friends loved and dear
Are ever passing from our mortal view,
A final kiss of the hand, a last farewell,
And the two go forever, the loved and true
And what made the sorrowing tear.
They listen not to the griefs we would tell.

Sometimes I think, as I see friends weeping
Over the remains of the dear departed,
Twas better to save their tears for the living,
For the poor, the lost, the broken-hearted,
So our Savior taught us, and 'twould be in keeping
With the precept it once on earth was giving.

Yet 'tis hard to part from those we love,
To see them torn forever from our embrace,
And then laid down 'neath the grave's dark mold,
And feel that no others can fill their place;
But, blessed thought, there'll be gathered above,
The ransomed souls in the Master's fold.

PITTSFIELD MASS.

THE BLACK DAGGER.

A Courier's Story.

My name is Carl Johann Roeckel. By birth and nationality I am Swiss, but cosmopolitan in every taste and habit. In my early days I regularly followed the profession of a courier, as I do now occasionally when any of my old patrons or their friends require such services, which is rather infrequent, the taste of the traveling public having degenerated into hasty journeys by express trains, with the consequent loss of all enjoyment of the different phases of scenery through which the travelers are passing. In the course of my many years' experience, I have been witness to many strange occurrences, have assisted in many a secret and adventurous undertaking, and have been subject to many perils. From among such varied experiences I give the following strange story, suppressing for obvious reasons the real names of those interested.

Many years ago I was engaged as courier to his Excellency the Honorable Frederick Eslington, Ambassador Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty King George, on a special secret mission to one of the great continental powers. Having finished his duties and successfully attained the object of his mission, we started on our homeward journey in the summer of 18—. The period was one to be long remembered from the political excitement which existed throughout all Europe, almost every Government having unsheathed the sword. We had traveled a considerable part of the first stage of our return journey, when his Excellency, who was feeling the fatigues of the incessant traveling in the heavy, rumbling carriage, said he should stop at the next town we arrived at, and take rest and refreshment, both of which he was much in need of, beside having important state documents to transcribe. In due course we arrived at the small town of S—, on the confines of Germany, where we put up. We stayed a day and a half there; and I was then instructed to have the carriage and horses in readiness to continue our journey. His Excellency meanwhile had completed his writings, to which he had assiduously applied himself; and told me, as it was a fine afternoon, he would take a short walk, and on his return resume his journey at once; and I must therefore make all necessary preparations. He accordingly left the hotel. But he was never seen afterward, nor was anything known of his fate.

I waited for upward of an hour anxiously, and then made a close search for him, which I continued for several days; but not a trace could I discover of my master. A villager, however, living outside the town brought to me at the hotel a pair of overalls, which he stated he had found in neighboring copse. I recognized the garment as belonging to his Excellency, and at once repaired with the villager to the copse, and closely examined the spot, but found no trace or sign of any struggle.

Finding it useless to prosecute the search, I at once returned to London with his Excellency's traveling gear, which I handed to his family. The British Government at once instituted inquiries, as also did his Excellency's family, and large rewards were offered by both, and advertisements widely disseminated for any information respecting the missing Ambassador; but they failed one and all to gain any information of, or the slightest clue to, his fate. A certain amount of suspicion attached to me, but it was only momentary, and I at once cleared myself of it, and assisted the distressed wife and her husband's family as much as lay in my power. Well I remember the agonies of anxiety and suspense caused to the Ambassador's wife and family by the distressing calamity. Magisterial investigation was made, experts were employed, and every endeavor made to penetrate the dark veil of mystery surrounding the event; but all efforts were unsuccessful. One of his Majesty's Ambassador's had completely and mysteriously disappeared, without leaving a clew to light up the awful obscurity which enveloped the tragic occurrence.

Several years had elapsed since the distressing event, and the memory, the painful memory, of it was beginning to fade from my mind, when I happened to be in Antwerp on a short tour through Belgium with patrons. And, while listlessly strolling by myself on the quay one summer's evening, watching the passengers disembarking from

the newly-arrived steamer, I was accosted by a mean, haggard-looking little man of beggarly appearance, who spoke to me in Flemish.

"Are you not Herr Becke the courier?" said he.

"Yes," replied I. "What do you want with me? Who are you?"

"I suppose you have quite forgotten me?" said he.

I stared at him keenly. The man's features were somewhat familiar to me, yet I was confused in my remembrance of how and where I had seen him.

"I do not know you," said I.

"Yes, you do, and very well," replied he. "My name is Ludwig Kuhl, and I have frequently driven you the first stage out of Vienna. I did so when you were courier to his Excellency the Honorable Eslington, in the summer of the year 18—."

(The courier is remembered even when the patron is forgotten, for it is to us that landlords and their servants look for their gratuities.)

I stared at him, and then recognized the haggard looks.

"True," said I; "I remember you now well. How goes it with you? Why are you here in Antwerp? The old trade, eh?"

"Ah, no!" he replied, with a deeply-drawn sigh. "It's a long story, and I can't tell it to you here in all this noise and bustle. Let us go to a quiet cabaret."

I agreed, and in our short walk I resolved in my mind all those circumstances, so dark and impenetrable in their profound mystery, which had happened years before. And I remembered how our postman, Ludwig Kuhl, had assisted me in the unavailing search for his Excellency.

Soon we reached a little cabaret—their name is legion in Antwerp—in one of the back streets near the cathedral, and, with a glass of his favorite Boonkamp in front of him, he seated himself, and told me the following sequel to the mysterious disappearance.

"You must remember me, friend," he began, "when I was in a better condition than you see me now;" and he scanned his wretched garments, shrugging his shoulders with an impatient air.

I nodded acquiescence.

"Well," said he, "you must also know in your long experience of travel that all classes of society on the continent, and particularly in Vienna, have their secret club. The postillions had theirs, but it was subject to the rule of the Chief Secret Society. In my younger days, friend, I was induced, in an unlucky moment, to enroll myself as a member, and take the oaths of the Secret Society of Postillions. Bitterly have I repented since, for it is to that circumstance I owe my present deplorable state of mind and position."

"But what has that to do with the mysterious case of his Excellency?" I asked of him somewhat impatiently.

"Much more than you imagine or can ever know, friend," replied he sententiously wagging his head. He paused for a moment. "Well, I tell you," continued he, "though you must break my story with your inquiring comments. Firstly, then, you must know that I was on the establishment of Herr Spulzten, the carriage-master and stable-keeper from whom his Excellency and the Honorable Eslington hired his traveling carriage and horses for his return journey. It was known to the Chief Secret Society that his Excellency was in possession of important papers, and it was also known that he was on the point of starting with them for England.

"The chief commander had important reasons for obtaining these papers, or copies of them, and of one in particular above all others, by fair means or foul; and what the chief says is to be done is done invariably at any cost. The committee had balloted for the person who must execute their orders, and their choice had fallen on me as postillion, and the more likely to effect a successful result. By virtue of my oath I was bound to obey, or I should have suffered a secret death, by assassination probably. I need not tell you my instructions; but a dreadful fate awaited you in the event of you or his Excellency obstructing our wishes. In every town through which we passed there were emissaries of the Chief Society to assist me, so great is its organization; and when I received your instructions to pull up at the next town, which, if you remember, was S—, I knew the wishes of the chief commander would be effectually carried out. The landlord of the hotel you stayed at and the head hostler were known to me as members of the Chief Society, and there were other residents in the town also members whom I did not know. So you see, my friend, how his Excellency and you were encompassed in a net from which there was no escape," and he chuckled to himself as he said it. "Now, you remember how his Excellency was always engaged in writing his dispatches and documents. Well, there was consequently great difficulty in getting a view of the papers without adopting foul means, and time was of great importance to the chief commander."

"What!" I exclaimed, in great astonishment, my hair almost on end with the suddenness of the confession; "what! Do you mean to tell me, Carl Johann Roeckel, that you murdered his Excellency in cold blood?"

"Not exactly that, friend," he quietly replied. "When his Excellency went for that short walk, the head hostler also went for a stroll in the same direction. A short distance from the town the hostler met a friend, also a member and they quickly bound and gagged his Excellency, and carried him to the cellar of the latter's house, where they kept him secretly until after the excite-

ment of the disappearance and search had subsided, when he was taken to Vienna in the involuntary disguise of a dangerous lunatic peasant, and afterward." And he made a significant sign indicative of strangulation. "The papers were abstracted by the landlord, and handed to me, and I in turn handed them to the chief commander personally. Nothing was ever said about the missing documents, if you recollect, because only one other person beside his Excellency and the chief commander knew of them, and he dared not say what they were."

"But how," asked I, "was everything kept so quietly, as the British Government made a great stir over the matter, and large rewards were offered?"

"Well," replied he, "those to whom

the matter was referred were mostly members of the Chief Society, which, you must remember, numbered in its roll members of all ranks and stations.

The overalls found in the copse some days after the disappearance were purposely placed there to lead and encourage the belief that his Excellency had been robbed and then murdered."

"But you do not account for your being here in Antwerp now," said I.

"Well, friend," continued he, and he drew himself closer to me and spoke in a very low tone, "well, the chief commander, in consequence of the stir made by both the British and our Government, and fearing disclosures on account of the large rewards offered, took effective steps to prevent it by ordering the deaths of those concerned in the tragedy. The landlord of the hotel, however, suddenly decamped to America—where he will be tracked, never fear—after hearing of the deaths of the hostler and his friend, who were found stabbed in their beds; and I escaped here, by circuitous routes, and I have remained in hiding ever since. But I am already known and discovered, and I go daily in fear of my life. "The sign of the Black Dagger here"—and he tore open his vest and shirt, disclosing the print of a dagger on his breast, "is known to all members of the Secret Society. My death-warrant has long ago been signed, and I am studiously watched. I feel certain. Even now—"

And he suddenly stepped, casting a cautious glance around the room, and pointed to a stranger who was silently smoking and drinking, to all appearance engrossed in their enjoyment.

"I must leave you," he said in a hurried, hoarse whisper. "Good-by, friend," and he crept out of the cabaret quickly.

The next morning, Ludwig Kuhl's body was found floating in the canal, near its entrance to the Scheldt, pierced in the breast by a short dagger, with the device in German on its flat black handle. "We wait."

Victoria's Reprof.

Queen Victoria was noted in early years for her punctuality, and was apt to be impatient with those who were negligent as to time. She administered once a courteous but severe reproof to the Duchess of Sunderland, who, as the Mistress of Robes, was obliged to be near the Queen on public occasions. The Duchess was a little careless in matters requiring promptness.

One day, when a public ceremony was appointed for a given hour, the Queen and her ladies had gathered in the palace, and the Duchess alone was missing. The Queen grew impatient, and as the hour appointed passed she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady. The Duchess suddenly appeared, breathless with haste, and stammered an excuse.

"My dear Duchess," said the Queen, "I think you must have a bad watch."

Unloosing from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch, she fastened it round the neck of the Duchess. The reproof, though conveyed in an elegant present, was overwhelming. The proud Duchess colored, bit her lip and dropped a hot tear. The next day she resigned her office.

The resignation was not accepted, and from that time the Duchess was never known to be a second late in keeping an engagement.

"Do you mean to call me a har—?" asks a ferocious old gentleman. "Well, no not exactly," temporizes his friend; "but if I saw you in the company of Ananas and Sapphira I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

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DU QUOR, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

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AB AULDER'S GOAT.

BY JOHN W. HATTON.

Ab Aulder lived a lonely life, for he could no agree
With either kin, nor friend nor foe, so cross and mean was he!
But Abner had a weakness for dogs and goats, and as often as ate himself he fed the mice and rats.
He loved his horses, cows and sheep, but most of all a goat;
Called Billy, whom he oft declared had sense enough to vote.
If Billy was so very wise 'twas Abner made him so,
For everywhere old Abner went the goat was sure to go.
He taught the beast to fight the boys, and drive them from the place.
And laughed until his sides were sore at many a trial.
Full many a boy went lumping home to nurse his wrath and pain.
But never loitered thereabout nor pestered Ab again.
And when a peddler chanced that way, to vend his wares, 'ts said,
He paused without the gate awhile, to feel of Billy's head—
Whi' he was as hard as any stone—he felt its hardness, too.
For Billy spread him on the ground and banged him black and blue.
A bold agent came one day; a pious man was he, But Billy chased him out the yard and up an apple tree.
From which the man of tracts made tracks, in haste to get away,
When Billy left him for a spell to munch a wisp of hay.
And when the man of lightning rods came down to Aulder's farm,
Old Abner said the goat was tame, was sure he meant no harm;
But when the peddler drew his breath, he thought his spine was given.
By something like a thunderbolt, as fast and fiercely now all the neighbors shunned the place; old Ab was left alone.
In health, in sickness, all the same, none heard his plaintive groan.
He almost died when sick one day—none tried his life to save.
But all agreed that Billy should go with him to the grave.
They'd "kill that goat" when Abner should pass in his checks," they said,
Some favored torture—all agreed to kill the creature dead.
Now Billy had grown cross if late, for want of exercise.
He hated everything that moved, his master, too, despised.
But Abner loved him all the more, the meaner he behaved.
And chuckled at the mischief done, the money he had saved.
He swore if Parson Brown would come that way to sing and pray
He'd pay his salary for a year, and "plank it down" next day.
But Abner knew the parson would as lief a whale going.
Like Jonah, as to meet old Bill, and take his head in tow.
The wicked shall not live, 'tis said, but half three score and ten,
But Abner had grown pretty old, and very gray, in fact.
And the goat was sure the devil's own, if goats are owned below.
And all agreed where Abner went the goat was sure to go.
Hard by a bridge of logs was built, across a chasm deep.
And to this bridge old Ab would go to meditate and sleep.
Now Ab had bought some strychnine and soaked it well in corn.
To dose a flock of turkeys that belonged to Mrs. Dorn.
The poisoned grain he placed with care upon a corner shelf,
No creature knew the secret dire, except old Ab himself.
Then he led him to the bridge to take his noon-day sleep.
While Billy gazed him from afar, so plump, and fat, and sleek,
He thought how funny it would be to pounce him in the rear.
For Ab had learned him all these tricks, and he should have his share.
The neighbors found old Abner dead, down in the gulch below.
"Old goat!" the farmers cried, "old Billy now must go."
Our Billy had foisted his foes; he'd eaten of the corn.
I asked master had prepared upon this fatal morn.
MORAL.
He who delights in giving pain will soon or late be found in the trap for others set, as they go seeking round.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

1. New England of the South, and the Necessity for Its Development.

BY W. W.

As I trust my readers are by this time aware, I am not writing merely to amuse those who chance to honor me with their attention, but with the hope that what is here set down bearing upon past and existing conditions of the South may serve to draw attention to what in the end may subserve the advantage and prosperity, in some degree, at least, of both sections. I purpose to deal to some extent with the substantial resources and attractions with which the South is really so richly endowed, if, perchance, some may turn to these advantages, and, sooner or later, reap good returns from them.

Let me remark, then, that most undoubtedly the poverty, and resulting ignorance and simplicity, of the mountain districts—because prosperity, and resulting wealth, in most cases means education, books and a thousand different enterprises—came largely of the unfortunate start made two-thirds of a century ago, and not from lack of resources in the country itself. The first settlers believed implicitly in the pleasures and profits—whatever they were—of the chase, and, so long as they could raise corn enough to furnish bread for themselves and feed for their stock, they troubled themselves but little beyond this, their meat, until hogs and cattle became a substitute and necessity, being gotten "out of the woods." Placed in these rich and well-wooded and watered valleys, excepting now and then a small peach or apple orchard where fruit of the best kind might be made to yield a superabundance, they thus existed for half or two-thirds of a century, the world, somehow, never having let its daylight stream in upon them.

And yet, all through that region, where only the traveler on horseback or on foot could make his way, coal and iron are everywhere "cropping out" from the hillsides, in a manner that would make unlimited fortunes for New England with the same conditions. The truth seems to have been, that the advantages for living could be had on far too easy terms. And, in illustration of this, let me give an incident, the leading features of which might be multiplied indefinitely.

On one of my many jaunts through

these valleys, I came upon one so exceedingly charming in all its belongings that a friend of mine along could only utter exclamations of pleased surprise. The occupant of the one habitation in it was evidently the "monarch of all he surveyed." With his picturesque log cabin, located on a small eminence in the middle of the valley, behind him was a fine peach and apple orchard, while a little further off was a rustic mill turned by the beautiful stream that noisily bowed its way downward, while upward toward the tops of the hills that shut in this little paradise waved the arms of great forest trees, cottonwood, oak, and others, that seemed to bend over the place protectingly to shield it from tempests and all else that might threaten it. Cleared and rich fields in ample supply completed the picture.

I have said above that life and its comforts here were had on too easy conditions. Stopping to get breakfast and our horses fed, the good woman of the house, to "give us something to do," she said, "while she was preparing the meal, brought forward some plates of the most beautiful honey in its white comb I was ever fortunate enough to taste. And she added, "the bees had left that rich hive of honey the day before, and she couldn't think of a single reason for their doing so—but was comparatively puzzled."

Well, it was not long before an admirable breakfast was smoking on the table before us, and then, in the course of conversation, we learned that the family were doing their best to dispose of their beautiful place for the purpose of moving to Missouri.

"Alas," I said to the good woman, "I didn't believe there was any 'vale of content' in this world, whatever the poets might say," for I could no more understand why they could think of leaving their present beautiful home, for any far-away place whatever, than she could understand why the bees had left their hive with its ample supply of honey, to go winging their way in search of some fancied better home.

Well, the poor woman hung her head for an instant, as she stammered some half-way justification for the proposed flight, enough to convince me, however, that I had only made her merely unhappy, perhaps, and I left, quite convinced that the example set by our far-off progenitors, in showing restlessness in whatever Eden located, was still and always would be a characteristic of their descendants to the very end; that *that Adam and Eve were not all who had been located discontentedly in pleasant places.*

One strong and controlling reason why, in all the past history of emigration and settlement of the whole country, the rich valleys of Kentucky have been so much overlooked was that the range of rough mountains, extending almost from the Ohio river to Cumberland Gap, compelled trains of emigrant wagons to keep on southwest clear to the last-named place, as to the only point where this tremendous cape could be "doubled," and, once through the "Gap," then before them lay a feasible road to Central Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, and, indeed, to the whole West. And if, comparatively, a few in these early times diverged mountainwards from this great leading pathway to richer lands, they were those who especially liked hunting for its own sake; and who, in the mountain districts, would be sure of sport not to be found for any length of time in a more agricultural district. So it was, then—as I have said in the first portion of this chapter—the mountain ranges and valleys were in the outset peopled with those who transmitted their unthrifty ways to their descendants; and hence, whatever the native resources of those fine valleys, they have largely remained undeveloped to this day.

But—the query is worth entertaining—is it indeed the case that because the great tides of emigration, assisted by railroads and other potent agencies, have swept past this great mountain region on both sides, to find homes in the far West—is it so that this section will be overlooked and neglected to the very end? Will there not come a reaction; a desire to look up desirable places nearer home? and, making of this mountain region with its unbound'd water power, its mineral wealth, its iron, and coal, and copper, and lead, and salt, a true New England of the South, develop it to better conditions and results than hitherto it has been fortunate enough to experience? Blessed especially as its residents are with good health, and this to a degree excelled by no other region on the continent, all this should awaken public attention to its advantages, and cause some more of our people to benefit by them.

And in regard to what has been said of the mountain regions of Kentucky and Tennessee—indeed of that whole scope of country in the headwaters of the Big Sandy and New rivers on the one side and the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers on the other—much the same reasons exist for making infinitely valuable to the people of this country for homes the mountainous region of North Georgia, and the sections of that character adjoining. In that naturally favored hill country, it was declared by the Cherokees when they were made to abandon it for the lands west of the Mississippi, "a man was never sick or sorry;" and at present it is encouraging to know that every year public attention is getting somewhat more drawn to it, the chief attraction being its mild and healthful climate, which supplies favorable conditions for many who find it impossible to live in the severer climate of the North.

But there are potent reasons why the people of the South themselves should turn to the development of that portion

of their territory, which, after all, has more elements of real power in it than anything offered to them besides. The mountainous region of the South is emphatically the white man's country. And bearing in mind that the two greatest elements of power known to this or any age are iron and coal; that these are the agencies that in the end make nations rich and respected, and this consideration alone should make the fortunate possessors of such elements of strength eager to make the most of them.

The great mistake that the South has made in the past was in entertaining the belief that the agricultural, or, as some of her political oracles fondly termed it, "the patriarchal condition," was that which was most desirable—that which would most certainly give her empire and greatness—not reflecting that iron commands not only gold, but everything else almost of which it is the representative. Fear, it should be borne in mind, however reluctant we may be to acknowledge it, is too often in this world a constituent or condition of respect; and we may say of cannon founders and ship-yards that, although these may not lay the world under tribute as does cotton, they compel that tribute of respect, without which cotton, money or anything else may be comparatively valueless.

I have said that the hill region is the white man's country; and this I eause, while he must in the very nature of the case leave cotton and rice and sugar culture to the colored race, he himself—could he but realize it—can do with these mineral treasures what the other race can never do—can develop power! And, although what I am going to adduce may be deemed but a trite or elements of development indicated—iron and coal—to make almost every other civilized, or even half civilized, nation pay a money tribute to her to the extent annually of more than \$2,000,000? Whatever nation wants money goes to her; and the obligations, consequently, that appear at the London Stock Exchange comprise, perhaps, four or five hundred millions of dollars, on which we alone as one nation pay interest; and this, along with the bonds of Egypt, Turkey, the South American states, all far-off nations, indeed, besides those, including to a greater or less extent all the nations of Europe.

Intelligent labor, let it be noted, does not, as a general thing, seize upon a hoe, and, under the blazing sun of the Gulf States, undertake to develop the cotton plant; neither will it wade in the rice swamps for a meager wage. But intelligent labor builds cotton mills, and, taking the raw material supplied by a different grade of labor, spins it, weaves it, colors it, adds an hundred fold value to it, and reaps a proportionate reward. In like manner, it seizes upon the crude material of the mines, and out of it fashions engines to pump, to grind to hammer and saw; it constructs locomotives to carry to remunerative markets the raw material supplied by its less-intelligent co-worker of the fields and forests; and, demonstrating as all this does the place for the white man of the South to occupy, if he desires progress, wealth, power, and with these the world's profound respect, what hinders him from yet seizing upon it to begin in earnest that true advancement too long postponed, and yet not too late to realize?

And, in taking this view of the case, why should not the two races work onward in entire and cordial harmony?—more especially when never before in the history of any nation were two lines of occupation both essential to general progress more distinctly marked out, or such as could be more consistently made to refrain from interfering with one the other. Progress for the whole means progress for every individual, if the latter be earnest and industrious; and, for once leaving more to itself that barren field of politics where thousands quarrel for months that one may get some paltry office, turn to an earnest development of resources which, ultimately meaning substantial power, will in the end enable them to command what hitherto they may have been satisfied to wrangle for or solicit.

To quit these questions of political economy, with which I trust I have not wearied the reader, I would note that, in the past, the chief product of many of these mountain districts were gaunt, "razor-backed" hogs, which, seldom fattened there, were collected in droves every fall, and with infinite patience driven to the corn-fields of the East Tennessee valleys, the Hiawassees and others; and, turned loose in them to riot and destroy at will, would in the end take on fat enough to make them acceptable and salable to the planters, lower down, of the Carolinas and Georgia, when driven thither finally. The method in vogue was to purchase the field of standing corn at an agreed price, the hogs to gather as much of it as they could. And, perhaps, a harder set of chaps for any sort of fun that offered could scarcely be found anywhere than these same hog-drovers. On the cars coming from the coast to Atlanta city on one occasion, a gang of them had—as it were—taken possession of the car of which I was an occupant; and all night long they kept up a constant uproar of coarse witicism and stunning gufaws, hideous to listen to, yet impossible not to laugh at. One of their dramatic performances was travestying a Methodist "anxious meeting," and carried out in the most reckless and even impious manner, with prayers and hymns, one could but know that their opportunities had been complete to have educated themselves to everything that was better. Interrupted in their sport by the announcement of supper, one of them, a great six-footer,

on his return to the car uttered a most characteristic declaration: "Boys, that was a splendid supper; I was eating for fifty cents, but they only charged me a quarter!"

Besides the considerable amount of hogs that the mountain districts of Kentucky furnished to the lowland consumers, great numbers of beef cattle found a market thence, on foot; while Central Kentucky and Upper Middle Tennessee furnished in the same manner great droves of mules for the cotton fields of the Gulf States, and fine horses for all sections. Speaking of horses—something that, more than hemp or tobacco, perhaps, might be called the great staple of Kentucky—the moral code in regard to trading is represented as remarkably loose, every horse-buyer, or trader, being accredited and complimented with smartness enough to take care of himself. "All fair in a horse swap," appeared to be the beginning and end of any rule governing the matter, so that whoever presumed to hope for much, if any, speculation out of these sharp traders was as likely as any way to find his hoped-for balance on the wrong side of the ledger. The "sharpest practice" that I remember of becoming acquainted with in this line was boasted of by the fellow who was the principal actor in it, and happened in this wise:

Being the owner of a very fine horse whose only and marked deficiency was that he had a regular "rat tail," he had failed in all attempts to dispose of him on that account, until accident suggested and threw in his way the means of supplying the want. A neighbor having lost a fine horse who happened to have a large flowing tail, it occurred to the roguish horse-trader that, if he could somehow appropriate for his own steed that desirable member, it might be made the means of accomplishing to advantage the long-deferred sale. Acting upon this idea, he carefully separated it, leaving nothing but the hide, to which of course the hair clung fast, and this he strained over his own horse's stump, sewed it tightly, and then hurried off to find a purchaser. This he accomplished without delay; and the buyer, much pleased with his bargain, took him home and put him in a stall. The next morning early he was summoned to the stable by the noise made by the horse, who was kicking the sides of the stall in the intervals of looking backward as if in distress; and after a good deal of investigation into the cause—for the trick was performed so neatly that it quite baffled him at first—he found the rawhide of the false tail had shrunk, and, severed strongly, was pinching the poor horse so unmercifully that he couldn't stand still. Relieved of it there stood his neighbor's rat-tailed horse; and when directly afterward the scamp was charged with it, of course he did it, he said, unblushingly, indeed with hearty peals of laughter, as if it was the climax of good jokes, winding up his confession with the received axiom, "All fair in a horse swap," and that he expected his neighbor to "trade on his own judgment," as he himself had done. Of course the cheat didn't get into the courts; it was too novel and too acute, "too good" for that; but the victimized pocketed his loss, relying upon getting even with the successful trickster some day in the future, or, at least, making himself "square" off of somebody else.

And, in taking this view of the case, why should not the two races work onward in entire and cordial harmony?—more especially when never before in the history of any nation were two lines of occupation both essential to general progress more distinctly marked out, or such as could be more consistently made to refrain from interfering with one the other. Progress for the whole means progress for every individual, if the latter be earnest and industrious; and, for once leaving more to itself that barren field of politics where thousands quarrel for months that one may get some paltry office, turn to an earnest development of resources which, ultimately meaning substantial power, will in the end enable them to command what hitherto they may have been satisfied to wrangle for or solicit.

Transplanting beets is nothing new; in fact, if they are taken up when about an inch through, the very best crops can be produced by that means, and far better than in the spot they were first sown. The soil becomes packed in the seed-bed, and when the beet is transplanted, the new, loose, warm, rich soil is just in condition to make it grow. There is no danger of wilting if the top is small and the root large at the time the change is made. Transplanting always checks top growth and encourages root formation, hence to grow any root we have only to make a change of base.

If you are attacked by a dog and have a stick too light to hurt him with, hold it so that he can bite it, and he will do so; this gives you time and you will finally escape. Insects have a choice of food, and frequently like something else better than our plants which we wish to save. Potato bugs like some kinds of potato vines better than others; a row or two of such vines in a field will attract the bulk of the pests and save the patch. Melon bugs like radish leaves better than melon leaves, and if radishes are planted in the hill the melons escape entirely.

Poisons in a garden or field are dangerous to poultry, animals and people, and are not at all necessary. There are many things which, as the cases arise, may be done to avoid loss on a farm; weeds must be dealt with promptly; insects must be provided for; dry or wet seasons must be offset by drainage or cultivation. If the wheat crop in Nebraska this year had been drilled in rows for cultivation, we should have had a splendid crop of excellent grain and no weeds. Now we have so thin a crop that whole fields are abandoned on account of the weeds, which the crop could not smother. The proper mode of cultivation on a farm is governed by no set rule; circumstances continually arise which call for something different from what was first planned out. The good farmer is he who plants to allow a variety in modes, as necessity may demand—change of mode, change of times, and change of seed are as necessary as tillage itself. We fatten calves and all young stock by change of feed or pasture, and if we adhere to set rules or do as our fathers did before us, and only because they did so, we violate the laws of advancement. Rats in the road are indictable here, and the man who allows rats in his land is on a bad road, but he

who doesn't learn from what passes before his eyes every season should go another quarter to night school, and be sure to take acclimate with him.—[S. R. Mason in the *Rural New Yorker*.]

Swinburn sings, "I hid my head in a nest of roses." Did you, Algernon, did you? That was wise in you to hide it among the roses. Now, if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbages, when you came to pick it out again, you could not have told for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, old boy, every time.

CATARRH

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat, SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. Temperature and constitution vary its severity in individual cases. It may arise from a cold or a succession of colds, from exposure to a change of atmosphere, wearing wet clothing, or exposure to a cold or a change of temperature, and becoming thoroughly chilled. The sensitive organs are in a morbid or inactive condition, and the skin and vital forces exhausted. The disease may arise from a scrofulous condition of the blood, from Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Diphtheria, in which cases the eyes, nose, and throat are involved and discharge quantities of matter. The nose becomes red and swollen, and the discharge from the nose, the distinctive feature in all catarrhs, comes from whatever cause they arise, may be thin and watery, or so acid as to cause redness and excoration; or thick and yellowish, and, as they come in contact, or clear and white like the white of an egg. There may be an entire lack of secretion, the surfaces become dry and feverish, the face, front and upper part of the head become uncomfortable, and as if it was encircled by a tight unyielding band. The latter phase is called Dry Catarrh. The free discharge of mucus causes the passages to swell and become difficult of respiration, and the sufferer finds it necessary to breathe through the mouth, thereby permitting cold air to pass directly to the bronchial tubes and lungs. The matter passing down the throat creates a constant desire to hawk and expectorate to throw it out, and the membranes are dry and feverish, instead of passing freely from the nose and throat, the mucus becomes hard and turns into scabs, incrustations, and hard lumps, which are firmly attached to the nasal passages and throat as to rocks, and the sufferer finds it difficult to remove them. The eye is sympathetic to the nose, and becomes red, watery and watery, or in the morning it is found glued together, and matter is secreted in abundance. The ear also becomes seriously affected, discharge of quantities of matter, being visited by them, violent neuralgic pains, ending frequently in inflammation of the membrane, and finally deafness. The throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs are in many cases affected by catarrh, and when prevalent the nervous system is superseded, such affections becoming chronic.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A carefully revised Treatise on Catarrh, with an accurate description of symptoms and sympathetic relations, and directions for effecting a cure with SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. We confidently believe it to be found in no country. Every step in its preparation, every line in the directions for its use, is scientific and calculated to meet every particular of the disease. Numerous testimonies from the best people in the United States attest the esteem in which it is held by those who have been freed from the most destructive and dangerous disease with which man is to-day afflicted.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalating Tube, with full directions for its use. Price, \$1. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Drug-gists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAC PLASTER
Cures Pains and Aches.
It equalizes the Circulation.
It subdues Inflammation.
It cures Ruptures and Strains.
It removes Pain and Soreness.
It cures Kidney Complaint.
It cures Rheumatism of the Muscles.
It cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
It relaxes Stiffened Cord.
It cures Nervous Shocks.
It is invaluable in Paroxysms.
It cures Convulsions of the Liver.
It removes Nervous Pains.
It cures Spinal Weakness.
It is Grateful and Soothing.
It cures Epilepsy or Fits.
It is safe, simple and Economical.
It is prescribed by Electricians.
It is endorsed by Electricians.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Please endeavor to obtain COLLINS' VOLTAC PLASTER, a combination of Medicated Plaster and Zinc, to be cut out and applied to the part affected. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

OLD AND REL

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.
Beautiful weather.
There are few idlers in Bismarck.
'Gibbs' new house is nearly completed.
The merchants are laying in a full stock for winter.
"Lurline" to-morrow night at Champion Hall.
Chris Gilson is refitting his building on Fourth St.

Free lunch is becoming a luxury. Competition is the cause.

The freight house is still overflowing with Deadwood freight.

"White Fawn" at Champion Hall Tuesday evening was good.

S. E. Doyer, formerly of this city, died in Texas, a few weeks ago.

Every team that is able to travel is now engaged in freighting or on the extension.

Two theatres and a free and easy and a jail. Plenty of amusement in Bismarck.

The Deadwood Times says Shang is making tiger hunting lively for the boys.

The Miles City Journal reports Jerry Duane on his way to Bismarck with his hock.

J. W. Raymond & Co. will commence the unloading of ten cars of merchandise Monday.

Capt. Maratta returned from his visit to St. Paul Tuesday, leaving his family in the city.

The weather which promised to be severe is as balmy as one could wish for this season of the year.

It is to be hoped that "Pinafore" will never again be abused as it was Wednesday night at Champion Hall.

An open winter is wanted by freighters. It will be open to any one who wants to play it in that way.

There were 3,800 sacks of flour shipped to Fort Peck Indian agency this year, which is about 3,000 more than they had last season.

Harley M. Stevens, of this city, was married a few days ago at Bismarck by Rev. J. M. Bull to Miss Marah Frolick, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Still the sidewalks have not been fixed. Better do it now than wait till the ice and snow covers them and three or four corner's iniquities are held.

Paymaster Smith and clerk Seward went to Standing Rock on the Big Horn to pay the troops. They will return to Lincoln early next week. The boat saves them seventy miles staging.

The Episcopal ladies are arranging for an oyster supper for the benefit of the church construction fund. It will be given next week. If the ladies will push the matter it will be successful socially and financially.

The earnings of the North Pacific for October were \$258,000 against \$120,000 for the same month last year. Wheat is the cause of this great increase. The Company are fencing their road with barbed wire in Minnesota.

A son of the murdered Meeker visited Bismarck three or four years ago and wrote a series of articles on Indian matters, championing the cause of the Indians that led to the unpleasantness between the Secretary of War and Gen.uster

Prof Learned will be a valuable addition to the Vincent Combination. Their music this week has been simply outrageous. This company gave two performances at Fort Lincoln this week, and will be here for to-morrow night and next week.

Whitney is giving a fair show this week, but it does not compare with his recent entertainments. Libbie Maretta shows up well after a year's absence, and Miss La Rue, Blanche Granger, Tommy L'Vard and Gerin and Hayden are as good as ever.

Nothing has been heard from Fred Edgar. He wrote Harmon that he had taken a big contract in the Hills, and that that was the cause for not remitting. Evidently he had a contract to beat the Deadwood sports in a game of draw. He failed to fill.

Twelve four horse stages leave Bismarck for Deadwood every week loaded with express and passengers. Over one thousand teams are employed by the same company in freighting between Bismarck and the Black Hills. This will give some idea as to the importance of this trade.

There has been a decided rush for Reed's Gilt Edge Topic since he left and the single bar in town which doesn't keep it mind itself badly left on trade. Those who can't drink beer and don't want to take whisky finds that this will let them out, besides it is purely medicinal—just the thing for billious organizations.

Next week Mr. L. N. Griffin will return to the Merchants Hotel, the building having been refitted, furnished and painted and renovated throughout. The present Capitol building will probably be turned into a large first-class billiard hall and saloon, with Griffin & Roberts proprietors. Mr. Griffin is an expert hotclist and always runs a first-class house.

The man who tried to get drunk on Vinegar Bitters had more private business to attend to a few minutes afterward than any other man in town. The man who tried the same dodge on Reed's Gilt Edge Topic found all of the pains and aches incident mountain fever and other afflictions of that class completely knocked out of him.

Nobby Suits:

The merchant tailoring establishment connected with the St. Paul Branch Clothing House, 41 Main Street, opposite the post office, this city, has had a grand success. Mr. Hanauer is taking orders every day for first class business and dress suits, and last week he sold about twenty complete assortments of samples to select from and guarantees the very finest fits and latest styles. Those in need of clothing should not fail to visit his before purchasing elsewhere.

Free Lunch at 13 north 4th street.
K. H. MARSH.

Fourth Street is profusely illuminated by gas. The sign of the roast pig in front of

Marsh's saloon is an evidence of what the free lunch inside is composed of.

Everything neat and an excellent table at FORSTER'S.

Meals at all hours at FORSTER'S.

If you want the best Day Board in the city go to FORSTER'S.

Oysters, Lake Fish, New Pickled Mackerel, New Pickled White Fish, New Codfish etc. at CHAS. KUPITZ.

Best wines, liquors and cigars in the city at Marsh's, on Fourth street.

To give tone to the stomach and stimulate digestion there is nothing like Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic.

Sweet Potatoes, Fresh Celery, Horse Radish, Winter Radish, and all kinds of vegetables constantly on hand at CHAS. KUPITZ.

Wood choppers wanted at Ft. Buford, D. T. will pay \$1 per cord for chopping green cotton wood. Work all winter if desired. LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

Complete assortment of German and Germantown Yarns, also Zephyrs, at WATSON'S.

Official Notice.

Joseph Hare, of the New Le Bon Ton announces to the lovers of festive bivalves that he can furnish them in any style and quantity as follows:

Raw,

Milk Stew.

Plain Stew,

Fancy Stew,

Cream Stew,

Tomato Stew,

Curried,

Plain Fry,

Italian Fry,

Batter Fry

Pork Roast,

Fancy Fry,

Broiled,

Scalloped, Etc.

Oysters by the case or can, Steaks, Chops,

Ham and Eggs, Etc., night or day.

Full line of elegant Cachemire De Lyon's Silks in all shades at W. B. WATSON'S.

I am now receiving daily by express from the Groveland Nursery, between St. Paul and Minneapolis, trees, ornamental shrubbery and plants, which are all suited to the climate of Dakota and which will be furnished at the lowest prices for cash.

GEO. W. SWERTZ, Oct. 28, 1879.

Fifty Dozen Fine Kid Gloves, all shades, at WATSON'S.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. SLATTERY, 12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

New Buckwheat Flour at CHAS. KUPITZ.

If you want a nice chop or steak cooked to suit your taste go to FORSTER'S.

New Sugar Cured Hams, New Sugar Cured Rolled Bacon, New Breakfast Bacon.

New Shoulders at CHAS. KUPITZ.

Wanted.

One tame black tail buck. Call or address this office. Liberal price will be paid.

21-23⁴

Fresh Eggs and Choice Table Butter at CHAS. KUPITZ.

An elegant line of Ladies' long Knit Sacques just received at W. B. WATSON'S.

Fresh Mutton, Fresh Pork, Fresh Veal, Fresh Beef, Fresh Venison, and Poultry at CHAS. KUPITZ.

Full Line of San Jose, Cal, White Blankets at W. B. WATSON'S.

Wanted.

A Good girl to do general house work. Apply to Mrs. ROBT. MACNIDER.

Ladies' Underwear in all qualities at Dan Eisenberg's.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices.

15c

A GOOD PLAN. Combining an operating mercantile with one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided proportionately among partners. Success in stock dealings, mailed free.

LAWRENCE & CO., 25 Exchange Place, New York.

W. A. HOLEMBAEK,

THE LARGEST STOCK

AND BEST VARIETY

Ever Brought to Bismarck

Just Opened at Raymond's Brick Block, next to the Post Office,

ALL KINDS OF

Heating and Cooking Stoves,

BASE BURNERS, WOOD BURNERS, ETC. ETC.

Also a Full Stock of Stoves especially adapted to the

BURNING of DAKOTA COAL

Which will be sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

I also have a complete line of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, Etc.

This stock is all new, just from the east, and is the largest and finest Northwest of St. Paul.

JOHN ROWLAND, Manager.



DAN EISENBERG,

Dry

Goods.

Carry the largest Stock and make the lowest prices of any house in the city of Bismarck.

W. B. WATSON,
DRY GOODS,

AND

NOTIONS,

98 MAIN STREET.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN LUDEWIG,

DEALER IN

Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
FURNISHING GOODS,

Groceries, Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

98 Main Street,

Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

201

W. A. HOLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Wholesale

Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

MRS. LINN,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.

26 North Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.